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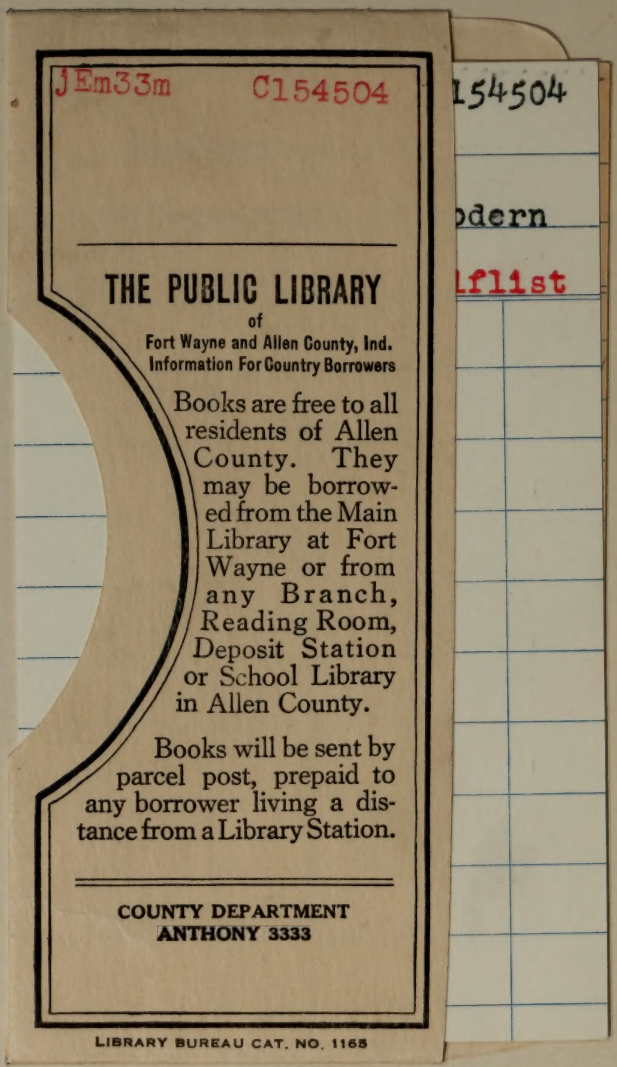
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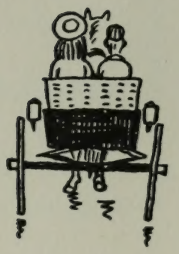
A MERRY-GO-ROUND OF MODERN TALES



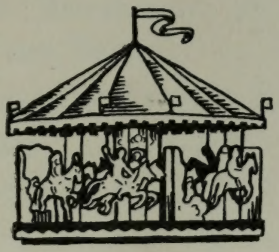
A MERRY-GO-ROUND OF MODERN TALES

by

Caroline D. Emerson

Illustrated by

Lois Lenski



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A FOREWORD TO THE ADULT

The old tales of fancy centered around everyday things,—the churn, the pot over the fire, the old man and his fiddle. The children of to-day have a strange and new environment. The contrivance and the machine have entered into every phase of daily life.

These stories are an attempt to look at these machines with a friendly eye. The trolley car, the automobile, the derrick, the carpet-sweeper; all offer field for imaginative treatment. There are many books for the young which instruct them and explain to them the industrial processes of our day. This is not such a book. It is to amuse and to help cultivate a whimsical attitude towards these machines which have so completely invaded, and sometimes threatened to dominate, our lives.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND AND THE GRIGGSES

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND AND THE GRIGGSES

THE merry-go-round whirled round and round and the music played. The horses and the ponies and the zebras rose and fell on their shiny poles as they dashed past. The Griggses watched the merry-go-round and the merry-go-round watched the Griggses. Every last Griggs was there and never had the merry-go-round seen them look so happy and triumphant, and he had seen them every day since he had come to town.

But to-day was different from any other day. There was joy and excitement in the heart of every Griggs; in the heart of Mary Griggs, aged eleven; in the heart of Tommy Griggs, aged nine; likewise in Betty Griggs, aged seven, and in Billy Griggs, aged five. The same feelings were equally alive in Jennie and Jimmie, the twins, aged four. For today each Griggs held five cents gripped in his right hand. *They were going to ride on the merry-go-round!*

"I'm glad that they got the money together in time," thought the merry-go-round. "It's my last day here. I suppose those bigger two had to earn it for the whole crew. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty," he counted as he whirled by, "they had to get thirty cents just for one ride. That *is* a lot!"

The merry-go-round felt himself go slowly and more slowly. It was time for him to stop. The people who were riding the horses and the ponies climbed down and the boy jumped off the zebra.

"He seemed to think he could make me go faster by kicking me," complained the zebra. "I'm glad his money is all used up."

"You shouldn't mind things so much," said the

merry-go-round comfortingly. "He hasn't hurt your paint any."

Then came the Griggses. They swarmed over the merry-go-round like a drove of monkeys. They tried every horse and they tried every seat before they were satisfied. Mary and Tommy lifted the twins into one of the coaches and told them to sit very still, which they did not do. They hung over the edge and shouted. Tommy mounted a gallant black charger and Mary chose a milk white steed. Betty climbed on to the complaining zebra and Billy upon a brown pony. But Billy very soon fell off and they put him into the coach with the twins.

"All aboard!" whistled the merry-go-round. "Hang on tight. I'm starting!"

The merry-go-round man shut the gates so that no one else could enter. The music began to play. The engine started and away they went.

At first the Griggses sat very still. They hung on as tight as they could and did not say a word. Things felt a little strange and queer to the Griggses. The merry-go-round was disappointed.

"Aren't they going to like me?" A fear crept into the valves of the merry-go-round. "Have they waited

a whole week and earned thirty whole cents and then aren't they going to like me? Oh dearie me!" sighed the merry-go-round.

But a few turns more and his doubts vanished. The Griggses were becoming accustomed to the new motion and they began to shout to each other. You could hear them even above the music. Round and round they spun. Up and down went the horses. The Griggses became more and more exhilarated.

"I can change horses," shouted Tommy. "Watch me!"

He swung over to the next mount. The others cheered.

"I can ride without holding on," screamed Betty.

"Not for long," said the zebra as she promptly fell off and had to be picked up and put back on again by the merry-go-round man.

The merry-go-round was quite satisfied. Carrying Griggses was a pleasure to him.

But the best of things must end. The merry-go-round had gone as far as he ever went for a five cent fare. The music stopped. The merry-go-round ran slowly and more slowly. The ride was over. The

Griggses had no more five cents. They would have to get off!

They climbed down quietly, every last Griggs of them. Even the twins at four knew that "no more" meant *no more* with the Griggses. They did not even cry.

Then a strange thing happened.

"I have been doing just what that merry-go-round man has told me to do ever since I was a child," said the merry-go-round. "To-day for once I'm going to do what I want to do. I don't care if I have given them a five cent ride. I'm not going to stop! *I'm going to keep right on going!*"

So instead of stopping the merry-go-round went faster and faster until he was whirling around as before with the music playing and the flags flying.

"Stop!" shouted the merry-go-round man as he ran round and round after the merry-go-round; but no good did shouting do him.

"*Stop!*" shouted all the people who were waiting to get on, and they ran round and round the merry-go-round; but no good did shouting do them.

"*Keep on going!*" shouted all the Griggses and that is just what the merry-go-round did do.

The children climbed back to their places. The horses rose higher than they had ever risen before. The music played louder than ever. Never in the days of merry-go-rounds was there such a ride!

When the merry-go-round could run no longer for want of steam and the music could play no longer for want of breath, they both had to stop. Off tumbled the Griggses. They had had five times as much ride as they had expected. The merry-go-round man was very cross but there was nothing to do about that.

The Griggses jumped to the ground, but—they were so dizzy that they could scarcely stand. Indeed they did not stand long. The twins laughed and sat down heavily. Mary fell over them, while Betty and Billy hung on to the turnstile. The trees and the houses spun round and round. All that the children could do was to sit on the ground and laugh.

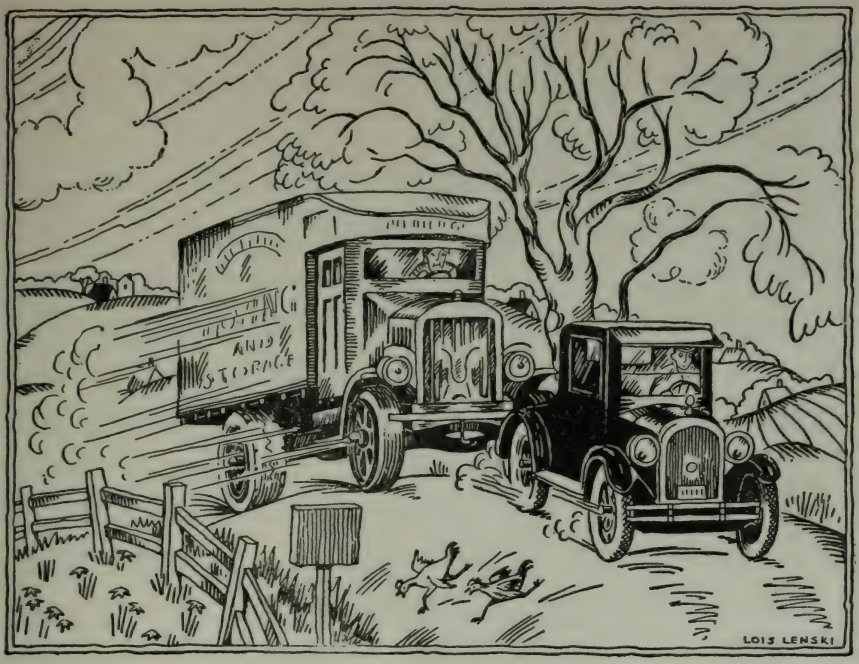
The merry-go-round man was worried. What ever was he going to do with them? He picked them up carefully and put them on their feet and started them off towards home.

"Good-by," they shouted back to the merry-go-round, "and thank you!"

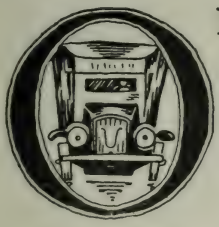
"Don't mention it," chuckled the merry-go-round as he started off with his new load of passengers.

He watched them out of sight. The twins sat down twice and had to be picked up and put on their feet again. And this is the way their tracks looked all the way down the street.

THE TIMID TRUCK



THE TIMID TRUCK



ONCE upon a time there was a great red motor truck. When he went through the town blowing his horn all the people ran out of his way as fast as they could go.

"Honk, honk, honk!" cried the motor truck.

The hens fluttered back and forth across the road.

"Honk, honk, honk!" cried the motor truck.

The dogs ran out and barked.

"Honk, honk, honk!" cried the motor truck, and

the children shouted as the big red truck went booming by.

But way down inside his engine the truck was not big and brave at all. He was really very timid! When his driver drove fast, he was so afraid that he could scarcely see out of his headlights. But his driver paid no attention to him. He was quite reckless. He delighted in passing other cars on the road and in making "record runs."

"Record runs," moaned the motor truck, "they'll be the death of me! If I were going to make a record, I'd rather make one for taking more time than anyone else, not for going faster. I can't see why everybody is in such a hurry. They say, 'Safety First.' Well, my driver always tries to be first and forgets about the safety. 'Safe and last,' that's going to be my motto!"

But the driver thought his truck was much too cautious and all he did was to put on more gas. Away they rushed, up hill, down hill, across bridges, through the woods, and away across the country.

One day a small car passed the truck.

"This will never do," said the driver and he pressed his foot on the gas.

"It will do very nicely, if you will just use

sense," sighed the truck. "I like to have things pass me. I'd let everything on the road pass me if it wanted to!"

The driver only pressed the harder on the accelerator and they flew after the little car.

"Honk! Honk!" tooted the truck's horn, "*Get out of the way!*"

The truck did wish that his horn had been taught to say, "if you please." It sounded so much better.

The little car ahead stayed right in the middle of the road. The driver of the truck grew angry.

"*Honk! Honk!*" tooted the horn again.

"Road hog!" muttered the driver.

But the little car ahead stayed right in the middle of the road. Not one inch to the right did the little car go.

"That car is only using common sense," said the truck. "This is no place to pass."

The driver swung his truck over to the left side of the road. He honked yet once again. He was determined to pass the little car.

"Careful, careful," begged the truck. "Watch out. There's mud at the side of the road."

But his driver only put on more gas. Suddenly

the truck had a dreadful, sinking feeling. Something was giving way beneath him!

"My wheels!" he screamed.

Round and round spun the wheels, but they could not get a grip on the soft mud. Round and round they spun but not one inch forward could they go. The truck felt himself sinking. He stood still for a moment and then he began to tip.

"What ever will become of me?" moaned the truck.

His driver jumped to the ground. It was an easy matter for him! He didn't weigh a ton and a half!

The truck felt himself tip further and further. Then,—bump,—bang,—and over he fell into a daisy field. The grass tickled his engine. There was a bunch of flowers caught in his bumper. He was in a sorry plight.

"Oh, my gears and crank-shaft, my engine is in a hundred pieces!" groaned the truck, while tears of gasoline ran down his hood.

The little car had stopped.

"I am so sorry," he said. "Didn't you see the mud? I didn't dare give you any more room."

"It was all my driver's fault," answered the truck. "I told him not to pass you and he would not

listen. I will never let him drive me again. I hope they take his license away. I suppose he'll just leave me here to rust. He doesn't care what happens to me!"

But the driver *did care.* As he looked at his great powerful truck lying there helpless, he began to feel quite ashamed of himself. He agreed with the truck that he had been stupid.

The little car carried him to the next town. Back he came as soon as he could with four strong horses and several men. They fastened iron chains to the truck.

"You'll never get me up," he said, "not if you bring forty horses."

"Ho, ho," laughed the horses. "Who used to do all the pulling before you trucks were invented?"

The driver ran around doing all he could to help the truck.

"Poor old fellow!" the truck heard him mutter.

At last the chains were in place. The horses pulled and the chains tightened. A jerk—and the truck was on his wheels. Again the horses strained. The truck began to move forward. Bump—and he was back on the road again!

"There you are!" cried the driver with delight.

"My trouble is not over as easily as that," grumbled the truck, "not with all these strange feelings in my engine."

They tried to start the engine but it would not start, so the horses were fastened to the truck again and into the town they pulled him. He squeaked and complained at every turn of the wheel.

For five days they worked on him at the garage. They took him all to pieces and they put him all together again. His driver never left his side. He stood by to see that the work was well done and he ordered the best of everything. He spared no pains or money. The truck began to feel quite differently about his driver. He had made a muddle of things, but now he was certainly doing his best to make it up.

At last the garagemen were through. They gave the truck a new coat of red paint that made him look bigger and redder than ever. When that was dry he was ready to start out into the world again.

"I've learned my lesson," said the driver to the garageman as he paid his bill. "I'm going to drive carefully from now on!"

The truck listened, but for some strange, new reason he did not care whether his driver was careful

or not—he who had always been so timid! Something unexpected had happened way down inside of the great red motor truck. *He was no longer afraid!*

"When you have lived through an experience like that, you find it does not pay to be afraid," he said to the other cars in the garage. "Think of what happened to me, and here I am as good as new."

When they started out he took the first corner on two wheels. The driver nearly jumped off his seat with terror. They passed every car on the road. Nothing that the driver could say did any good.

"I can't seem to manage this truck since the accident," he complained. "I must have lost my nerve."

The truck chased hens just for the fun of it. He backfired so hard at a policeman that he was nearly arrested for carrying concealed weapons. Then he tried to run round and round a "Keep to the right" sign that stood in the middle of the road, blinking one stupid red eye at them. He was trying to see how close he could go without knocking the silly thing down. Once he went too close and the thing toppled over and blinked its red eye for the last time.

"I can't stand this any longer," cried the driver. "I'm going to give up trucking and try farming!"

This made the truck stop to think. Did he really want to lose his driver? They had been through much together! There was no telling what kind of new one he might get. He considered matters carefully. There is always a middle way in this life. Perhaps it would be better to be a little more conservative.

So he settled down to a sober gait, and, from that day to this, there has not been a more reliable truck or driver in the entire service.

THE TELEPHONE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

THE TELEPHONE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

ING, DING," rang the telephone.

There were few things about town that the telephone didn't know. He ran in and out of every house and all the news that was worth knowing went over him sooner or later. There wasn't a death or a birth or a marriage or a party but the telephone had his finger in it. And his memory was wonderful. "Once heard, never forgotten," said the telephone and it was true.

The telephone had his opinion of people too. Some were patient and understanding and spoke distinctly so he could hear them the first time. Others were cross and mumbled as though they had lost their teeth. Some could say what they had to say and stop, while others—well, to hear them talk and talk and talk, it made you wonder what they ever did before the days of telephones!

"Ding, ding," rang the telephone again.

He disliked bringing messages to this house. There was a little girl in this house who was quite rude to the telephone. She would shout, "Who is it? What do you want?" and slam up the receiver in a way that made the telephone wire tingle.

Now the little girl across the street was different. She spoke clearly and plainly. Any telephone would be glad to serve her.

"Ding, ding," rang the telephone for the third and last time.

The rude little girl named Jane took down the receiver. "What is it? Who do you want?" she shouted, and then slammed up the receiver before the telephone had time to answer her.

It was later in the day that the telephone took matters into his own hands. Jane's mother sat down

with a list of names on a piece of paper. From her conversation the telephone gathered that Jane was to have a birthday soon and that Jane was to have a party. Jane's mother was calling up all the girls and boys to invite them to the party.

"I'm not going to carry invitations for a party for that child," said the telephone to the switchboard, "I've had enough of her ways. I'll get out of order!"

"You can give her the wrong numbers," suggested the switchboard. That was her one way out of all difficulties.

"No," answered the telephone thoughtfully. "Now, there's a pleasant child who lives across the street, Betty is her name and her number is Greenfield, 257. I think I'll give the party for her instead of for Jane. She's never had a party, not since they wired her house and she was nothing but a baby then."

"Well," sighed the switchboard. "All I say is if you mix things up I hope they won't blame me for it."

So every time that Jane's mother called up a boy or a girl and began, "I'm giving a little party. I do so hope you can come. It's at four, Thursday," the

telephone said Betty's name instead of Jane's and gave Betty's address. All the boys and girls liked Betty and they accepted with pleasure. Jane's mother was surprised and pleased. It was usually hard to get children to come to Jane's parties.

Then she called up the caterer and ordered a supper. The telephone added a few extra dishes that he felt sure the children would enjoy. He gave Betty's address and cut off the connection before anyone had time to ask embarrassing questions.

As the day drew near no one was more excited than the telephone. Would the party be a success? The telephone had some trouble in keeping Betty at home. As she didn't know she was to have a party, she kept making plans to go out.

At noon she called up a friend and said, "Hello, Jessica, this is Betty. Would you like to go walking with me?"

But Jessica had been invited to the party, so she thought Betty was joking."

"I'd rather go for a swim," answered Jessica, "and I'll be ready at four."

Betty was thoroughly mystified. She tried another friend. The telephone laughed to himself.

"Won't you come to see me this afternoon, I'm all alone," said Betty.

"Couldn't think of such a thing," answered the friend. "I suppose you'll be particularly *lonely* around four o'clock!"

Betty could not make matters out!

"There's something the matter with the phone," she said. "It keeps making queer clicking noises."

She decided to read to herself. But at four o'clock she jumped up. "Both girls said four o'clock. I wonder what it is about *four o'clock*. I feel as if something were going to happen. I think I'll run up and put on a fresh dress anyway."

"You better hurry," thought the telephone.

No sooner had the clock struck four than the door bell began to ring. In came the boys and girls, all the ones that Betty liked best.

"Gracious," the telephone heard Betty's mother exclaim, "I haven't a thing in the house."

But just then the cook came in to say that the caterer had arrived with a supper for twenty. No sooner had the caterer started on his preparations than a trick man and a magician, and a story teller came in. The telephone had called them up on his own responsibility. The party began in earnest.

But suddenly the telephone gave a long and angry ring. It was Jane! She was furious with Betty and she was calling up to find out why Betty had stolen her party. Jane was just as rude as ever.

"Oh, is it your party?" asked Betty. She was very surprised. "I don't know how it ever got to me instead of to you. But it's a very nice party and everything is going beautiful."

Now Jane was nearly ready to cry. She had gotten all dressed and ready and then had stood at the window and watched her party go to Betty's house, instead of coming to hers. Betty heard a sob over the telephone.

"Oh I'm dreadfully sorry about it," Betty said hurriedly. "Won't you please come over as fast as you can?"

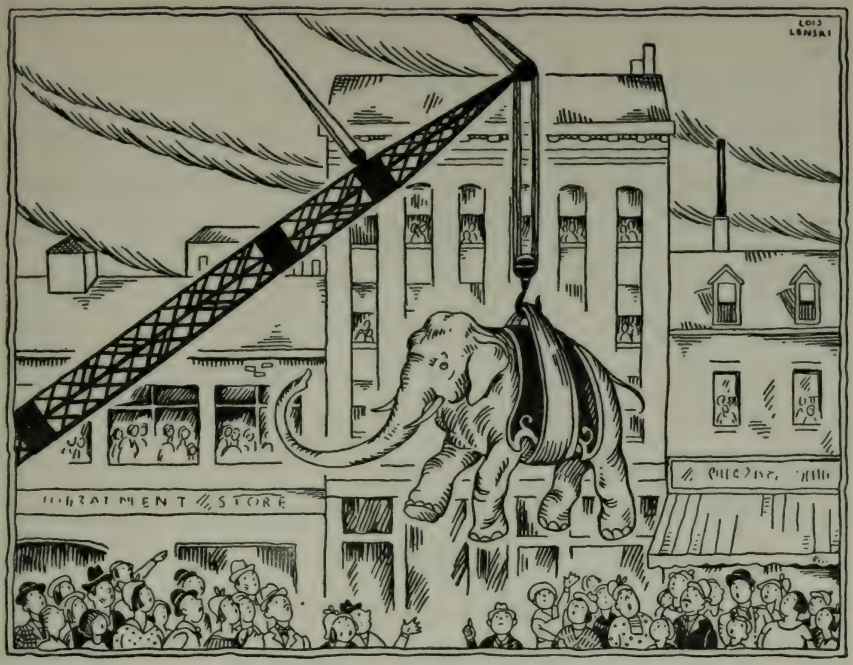
So over came Jane and soon forgot all about herself and had as good a time as anyone.

"I don't see how it ever happened," said Betty's mother the next day. She was telephoning to Jane's mother.

"Oh some mix up over the telephone," answered Jane's mother. "The service is so poor nowadays."

But the telephone laughed to himself.

THE DERRICK'S DOWNFALL



THE DERRICK'S DOWNFALL

THE old derrick lifted a great load of stones and swung it over to the little dump cart waiting in the road. The jaws of the derrick opened and out tumbled stones and dirt till the dump cart was full to the brim. The derrick snorted. The dust blew into his engine and made him cough. He disliked dust. The men swung him over for another load.

"Oh dear," sighed the derrick. "I'm hot and tired."

But he did not lift this last load, for at that moment there came sounds of music from the street. The men stopped working for a minute and the derrick was left alone.

"I, too, should like to see what is going on in the world," said the derrick and he swung himself over to the street.

Down the road came a band playing gay music. Next walked two elephants with a man between them. Then came a wagon drawn by white horses and holding a cage in which two lions were walking back and forth, growling, and lashing their tails. Then came another wagon with a cage of monkeys who climbed about chattering at the people. The derrick was very much surprised. He had never seen a circus procession and he enjoyed it quite as much as did the children who were standing along the street watching.

The derrick liked children. They often came to watch him work. He listened to hear what they were saying about the circus.

"What a huge great elephant," cried one child. "Do you think he could lift me with his trunk?"

"Silly," said the next child. "Of course he could! I have read all about elephants and they can lift anything. They are stronger than anything else in the world."

Now the derrick was very proud of his strength, even if he did sometimes grumble over his work. He was quite upset when he heard the child praise the elephant.

"I am quite the biggest and strongest thing in the world," he said. "When they need to lift anything big they always send for me. I am much stronger than that great beast with a ridiculous nose. Why, I believe that I could lift him right off the ground."

The idea was no sooner expressed than it was acted upon. The derrick swung further over the road, reached down, and neatly picked up the larger of the two elephants. He swung him high into the air over the heads of all the people.

"Put me down!" roared the elephant, kicking and trumpeting with all his might. "I am the *King of the Jungle* and this is no way to treat me!"

"Very well," said the derrick and he dropped the elephant into a large tank of water that the workmen had just filled. The elephant was furious. He

filled his trunk with water and showered everyone within reach. People ran in all directions. The elephant climbed out of the tank and went trumpeting angrily down the road.

The derrick was quite pleased with his experiment. He no longer felt hot and tired but found life worth while. He swung back to the road. There stood the lion cage with the lions inside lashing their tails and growling.

"Well," said the derrick, "I think I'll have a try at them."

He picked up the lion cage.

"RRRRRRrrrrrr—RRr-R!!" roared the lions. It made them feel quite ill to be lifted up so suddenly. *"Put us down!"*

"Are you stronger than anything else in the world and the kings of the jungle, too?" inquired the derrick. The praise of the elephants' great strength still rankled in his valves.

"Yes, we are!" roared the lions.

The lions' cage was not made for this hard usage and it broke into pieces. The lions jumped to the ground. They had not had anything to eat for sometime and they were hungry. The people ran into the houses and climbed up on top of the automobiles

and street cars, while the lions growled below. At last the lions found a restaurant and went in and ordered dinner. The waiters were so frightened that they brought in the entire menu and the lions ate right through it from hors d'oeuvre to chocolate éclairs. You would have seen them eating if you had dared look in the window.

It all pleased the derrick. Never before had he enjoyed an afternoon so much. But his fun was nearing an end. His next move was a mistake. *He picked up the monkey cage!* It broke at once and the monkeys swarmed out over everything, chattering and happy to be free. They thought that the derrick was a tree and they climbed up him and slid down him. The derrick did not enjoy it.

"Get off me," he said firmly, "you tickle me!"

They were worse than the dust!

But the monkeys did not pay any attention to his wishes. They began to play with his ropes and wheels.

"What are these for?" asked a pink-faced monkey.

"Leave them alone," growled the derrick. "They are what work me. You'll get them out of order."

But the monkeys only laughed at him. Soon they

had learned how to work the machinery. Back and forth they swung the derrick. They took rides on him and made up games to play with him.

"Stop, please, stop!" panted the derrick. "I need a rest."

The monkeys saw no reason for resting. They were delighted with the derrick and they kept right on with their fun.

Soon the derrick was in a sad state. His ropes were mixed. His wheels were out of order. The monkeys had to stop, for the derrick was completely exhausted.

The monkeys looked around for something else to play with. They found——

"Keep away from that!" shouted the derrick. "Look out, that's the dynamite!"

But the monkeys did not know what dynamite was. They kept on with their investigations.

"If you touch those wires," warned the derrick, "you'll send off that charge of dynamite. It is all ready. It will make a terrific noise."

The monkeys liked noise, the more the better for them—so they kept on with their play.

Bang! BANG!!! BB-AA-NN-GG!!! *Off went the dynamite.* Monkeys and derrick rose in the air in a

cloud of dust and rocks. All was confusion till the wind blew the smoke and dust away.

The derrick lay on his side. He could hardly move and he was thoroughly unhappy. But the monkeys—well, it is hard to hurt a monkey. They were all safe. They had joined the lions in the restaurant and were helping eat up the chocolate éclairs.

At last the men came back to the old derrick. They pulled him up and put him in order. The next day he was swinging back and forth as usual filling the dump carts.

CO. SCHOOLS
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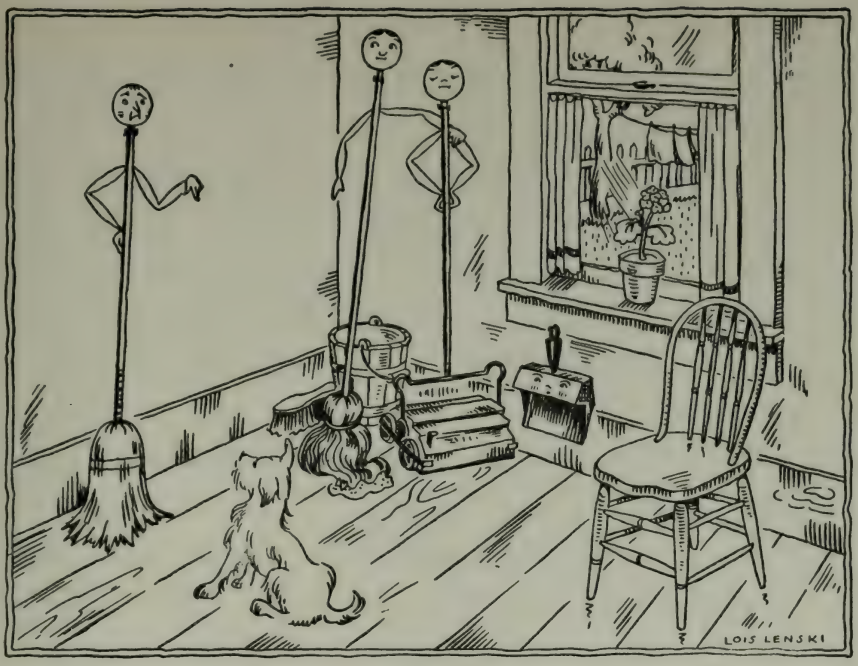
THE DUST-RAISING ADVENTURE OF THE CARPET-SWEEPER AND THE BROOM



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THE carpet-sweeper and the broom were discussing their work.

"Did you ever brush up anything valuable?" asked the broom.

"Yes," said the carpet sweeper, "I had a ring hidden in me for a week once while the family hunted the house over for it. I tried to tell

them about it but I couldn't make them understand. Finally it was thrown out with the dirt."

"I shouldn't have told them!" maintained the broom firmly. "People don't appreciate us. I brushed up some money today and when the maid saw it she let me fall crash on the floor while she picked it up. I've felt the jar all day! People don't appreciate us."

"Oh, I think they do," replied the carpet sweeper mildly.

"No such thing," snapped the broom. He was really jealous of the carpet sweeper. "Put a little machinery into things and it turns their heads," he muttered which was quite untrue in this case.

The carpet sweeper sighed and turned away. He hated to quarrel. He felt warmly for his fellow worker and only wished for a chance to show his good will.

It was the puppy that gave him the chance. The puppy was very new and young. He tore up everything that he found and he made the broom and carpet sweeper a great deal of extra work. The broom complained but the carpet sweeper said, "Children will be children."

First it was the newspaper which the puppy

mistook for a dragon and chewed into a thousand pieces. Then it was a straw hat which had been left on the porch. It made a crunching noise when the puppy bit it and he thought it was alive. The brim hung round his neck and he rolled over and over trying to get it off. The broom had already brushed the porch once that day but he had it all to do over again. But the worst trouble was just ahead.

One day the puppy came into the kitchen. Cook was away and there was no one to watch him. He sniffed around looking for adventure.

"What a ridiculous thing he is," remarked the broom. "Those ears are much too large for a dog of his size."

"He'll grow up to them," said the carpet sweeper.

"Always taking sides against me," snapped the broom and he turned to talk to the mop. "I don't see why they don't find some place to put that puppy away. Everything else has its place. We are not allowed to run all over the house."

"Yes," murmured the dust pan. "He ought to have a little ring to hang him up by. Our family always does."

Just then the puppy came to the corner where the mop and the broom and the carpet-sweeper stood.

He gazed up at the broom so straight and tall. The broom gazed back with disdain.

"Silly thing," said the broom.

The puppy gave a little yap and a bark. He dashed at the broom and then jumped back, giving little whines and yelps. The broom looked the other way and pretended not to see him. The puppy attacked again and this time he grabbed some of the straws of the broom between his teeth and began to pull. The broom slid forward a little way despite his effort to keep himself erect. The puppy was pleased. One more attack and bang fell the broom upon the floor.

The puppy jumped onto his fallen victim. He tore mouthfuls of straw and scattered them about the room. The broom groaned and the carpet sweeper and the mop became thoroughly worried. There was nothing that they could do. Cook was nowhere to be seen. The dust-pan tried to fall on the floor but his ring held him firmly to the hook.

"There are some disadvantages in rings," he cried.

The puppy stopped tormenting the broom for a minute. His mouth was full of straw and he found it very dry stuff. Now was the carpet sweeper's

chance. If he didn't act now, the broom would not have a straw left to stand on!

In falling the broom had hit the carpet sweeper and he was so nicely balanced that one touch would send him rolling forward. The puppy's tail flicked against him. It gave the needed start. Slowly the carpet sweeper crept forward on his little wheels.

"Look out! *Look out!*" squeaked the carpet sweeper.

The puppy jumped back nervously. "I am a great fierce dog and I'm not afraid of you!" he barked.

But the carpet sweeper crept mysteriously forward. The puppy squirmed uneasily. He couldn't see what made that thing move. Why was it coming his way?

"Look out! *Look out!* I'm coming!" chanted the carpet sweeper.

The puppy forgot the broom. He backed away giving little yelps as he went. The carpet sweeper came to the end of his handle. He fell on the floor with a bang. The puppy gave a wail of despair and disappeared into the dining-room not looking behind for fear the thing was following him.

"Well," said the carpet sweeper, "so he's gone."

The broom gasped faintly through his ruffled straws. He tried to express his feelings.

"Now don't thank me," said the carpet sweeper firmly. He never could endure sentiment.

THE TEMPERAMENTAL TYPEWRITER

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JERRY was learning to write by the touch method. It was hard for Jerry but it was harder for the typewriter.

"Will he ever learn where to find my keys?" sighed the typewriter. "Sometimes I feel as if I must shout out, 'There's the H right under your forefinger,' or 'Q is the last letter on the top row, not in the middle there!' But I have to sit back and keep quiet and let him learn

by experience and that's the hardest thing there is in the world to do."

Jerry was trying to write, "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog." That sentence uses every letter in the alphabet. Kate sat beside him and he said she mixed him all up.

"The thick brown box humps over the hazy hog," wrote Jerry, quite by mistake.

The typewriter tittered and Kate laughed aloud.

"I'm tired of this thing," snapped Jerry. "I'm going skating."

"May I write while you're out?" asked Kate. "I would like to know more about that quick brown fox that jumped over the lazy dog."

"Silly!" said Jerry. "That's just an exercise. There isn't any more to it." But he added, as he shut the door, that she could use the typewriter if she'd be careful of it.

Kate sat down at the machine. She started writing but it was hard to find all the letters and to remember the spacing. Then she decided to try the touch method too. She started to write about that same quick brown fox who jumped over the lazy dog. She would like to know some more about those two! She fixed her eyes on the window with that

far away look that Jerry wore when he was trying to remember just where the letters were, and ran her fingers quickly over the keys.

"Ha, ha," laughed the typewriter to himself, "Now I'm going to have some fun."

Kate wrote for some time. She paid little attention to what she was doing for great white clouds kept sailing past the window. Suddenly the typewriter bell rang loudly. She gave a jump of surprise and looked to see what she had written. *There lay a whole page neatly typed before her.* It was much better than Jerry could do. She picked up the sheet and this is what she read:

THE STORY OF THE QUICK BROWN FOX AND THE LAZY DOG

The fox lived at one side of the farm and the dog lived on the farm. The dog had been bought to protect the hens from the fox and to guard the farmyard. But the dog was fond of his nap and every night the fox would steal down, keeping to windward of the dog, and wait until he heard a slight snore. Then he would jump quickly into the hencoop, pick his victim—he could choose the fattest one at a glance—and dash for the wood. The hen's

squawk would set the coop in an uproar and the dog would leap to his feet one minute too late to do any good. The farmer would rush out with his gun but way off on the hillside the little foxes would be tucking their napkins under their chins, all ready for dinner.

At first the farmer was very proud of his dog, but after awhile he began to suspect that the dog was not as good a watcher as he had thought.

So he said firmly, "We are losing a hen every night. This has got to stop. One more hen and off you go and I'll get another dog!"

The dog was worried, but he pretended to be very bold and serious. He ruffled up the hair along his back and growled fiercely so that the little foxes up on the hillside shivered so hard that they ran home quickly for fear of catching colds. But the old fox was not much disturbed.

"We'll see how long that lasts," he said.

But as night came on the dog walked up and down in front of the hen-coop and to the foxes sitting on the hillside dinner seemed very far away.

After awhile the dog sat down to rest. Would he go to sleep? The fox did not dare risk it yet. Things were evidently serious with the dog. He

might pretend to be asleep and really be on the watch. The fox gave a little yelp, and, as he had feared, up jumped the dog and growled fiercely.

But it was a hot sultry night and the dog soon settled down again. He yawned and laid his head on his paw. The fox was quite undecided what to do. Then he thought of a plan.

He ran around behind the hen-coop and threw a stone against it. In an instant the coop was in an uproar. The dog leapt to his feet, barking furiously. He raced about hunting for the fox but no fox did he find.

Inside the house the farmer smiled to himself, "That dog is about his business to-night. I will leave him alone but if one hen is missing in the morning, off he goes to find another home."

The dog ran around for a time but it was to no avail. There did not seem to be any fox. The hens quieted down. The dog began to yawn again. He lay down for a minute to think things over. His head dropped on his paw.

The fox crept back. He threw another stone into the coop. There came again the clucking of hens and the barking of the dog but it was not as loud as the first time and it did not last as long.

"Those hens are having bad dreams," sighed the dog. "There isn't any fox around."

Up on the hillside the fox laughed. Then he crept back and threw his third stone. The hens clucked faintly.

"Nightmares," said the dog and turned over.

Into the yard crept the fox. The dog lay right in his path but he was snoring peacefully. One swift jump took the fox safely over. Into the coop he stole.

Now he must work quickly. He chooses his hen. He seizes it. One squawk from the hen; a dash for the door; and the quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog and is off into the night!

The dog gave one groan and turned over.

Up on the hillside the little foxes were all waiting with their napkins tucked under their chins. Dinner was late and they were hungry.

But the next day when the farmer counted his hens there was nothing for the dog to do but pack up his belongings and start out hunting for another home.

THE END

"*Well!*" said Kate in astonishment, and just then Jerry came in.

"See what I wrote," she cried, "and I never looked on once!"

Jerry read the story. He read it over twice carefully.

"Well, I'll be——" he started to say and then he added with a sudden thought, "Let's see you do it."

Kate sat down at the typewriter. She shut her eyes and she ran her fingers over the keys.

adefhg5re$cmfwyetaoin-)'*!"|(?17ffvbgkqjTP:

That was what she wrote and that doesn't make any sense at all!

"I don't seem to be able to do it now," said Kate much puzzled, "but perhaps I can another day."

The typewriter laughed to himself. He knew lots of good stories if anyone gave him half a chance.

THE RUNAWAY TRAIN

THE RUNAWAY TRAIN

THE train came slowly down the track. He looked to see if there were many people waiting for him at the station. Yes, there were people and people and more people and a pile of trunks sky-high. The train gave a whistle of disgust. He had a big enough load already.

There was a little girl standing on the platform with a kitten in a basket and there was a boy with

a puppy. The train hated puppies. They ran about his baggage car and chewed things up. Puppies should stay at home and not travel!

As the train drew nearer to the station he saw matters more clearly and he said to the track, "I'm not going to take on this extra load. I had barely enough steam to make that last grade as it was. I don't like puppies in my baggage car, and——" the train gave a whistle of determination—"*I'm not going to stop at this station!*"

At the whistle all the people picked up their bags and stood ready to get on the train. But the train ran faster and faster. He ran right through the station and did not stop at all!

The conductor shouted, "*Stop the train.*"

But the train did not stop.

The engineer shouted, "*I can't. It won't stop.*"

The people ran after the train shouting, "*Stop! Stop!*"

But the train kept right on down the track.

The conductor was so frightened that he jumped off the last car and the engineer jumped out of the cab window. Down the track ran the train and he soon lost sight of them all.

"Well, I'm glad to be rid of them," said the

train. "Now I am going to do just what I want to do for once in my life."

He wandered slowly along, taking plenty of time to look at everything as he passed. Usually he had to go so fast he had no time to enjoy the country. After awhile he stopped under a cool shady tree to rest and to think over what he should do next. A horse and a cow came up to the pasture fence in a friendly way.

"What would you do," he asked them, "if you had a holiday and could choose the thing you liked the best?"

"I should jump over the fence and gallop as fast as I could all over the country," said the horse kicking up his heels at the very thought of it.

"Oh no," said the train, "that is the very thing I'm trying to avoid. I am tired of dashing about the country."

"Well," said the cow, "I'm as restful a person as anybody I know, and my advice is to go down and stand in the brook."

"Never," cried the train. "Water is all right in its place and I keep mine in my boiler. If I stood in the brook it would put out my fires."

Their talk was suddenly interrupted by a loud shriek, "*Get out of my way.*"

Around the curve came another train. He slammed on his brakes and slowed down just in time to save himself from bumping into the runaway train.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the other train. "Didn't you know that this was a single track and that you ought to be waiting for me back at the siding?"

"I don't care if I should be," said the runaway glumly.

"Where is your engineer?" demanded the other train. "It's against the rules of this road to be out without an engineer."

"I can't be troubled with engineers any more," said the runaway train. "I left mine down the track a-ways."

But just then the engineer and the conductor, who had been running after their train as fast as they could go, caught up with it.

The engineers of the two trains began to talk together. They talked very fast and very loud and the runaway train couldn't understand much of what they said.

"Mutiny, anarchy, insubordination," he caught words like that but they didn't trouble him much. "Nearly had a serious accident." He knew what that

meant and he snorted. If people would leave trains alone, they wouldn't have accidents. They happened because people were in such a hurry and had to go so fast all the time. They weren't the fault of the trains!

"You'll have to back up to that siding five miles down the track. We're fifteen minutes late now!" This from the engineer of the newly arrived train.

A cloud of gloom descended like smoke upon the runaway train. *He hated to back.* Five miles of backing down the track—was his holiday to end in this sad manner? Why couldn't that other train do the backing?

He felt his engineer climb into his cab. He felt his fire being built up. His steam pressure slowly increased. The other train whistled impatiently.

"Hurry up there!" he cried.

The runaway train felt his throttle slide into reverse. He gave a long weary puff of black smoke and then he began to back, back, back down the track. He grew hotter and smokier by the minute, but back, back, back he had to go, five miles down the track. On the siding he stopped, glum and disconsolate. The other train whizzed past him with never a word.

"He hasn't the courage of a hand car," growled

the runaway train. "I hope his wheels go flat and his boiler explodes before this day's over!"

But he had no more time to air his hard feelings for back, back, back he had to go, way back to the station.

"All those people will have left, at any rate," sighed the runaway train.

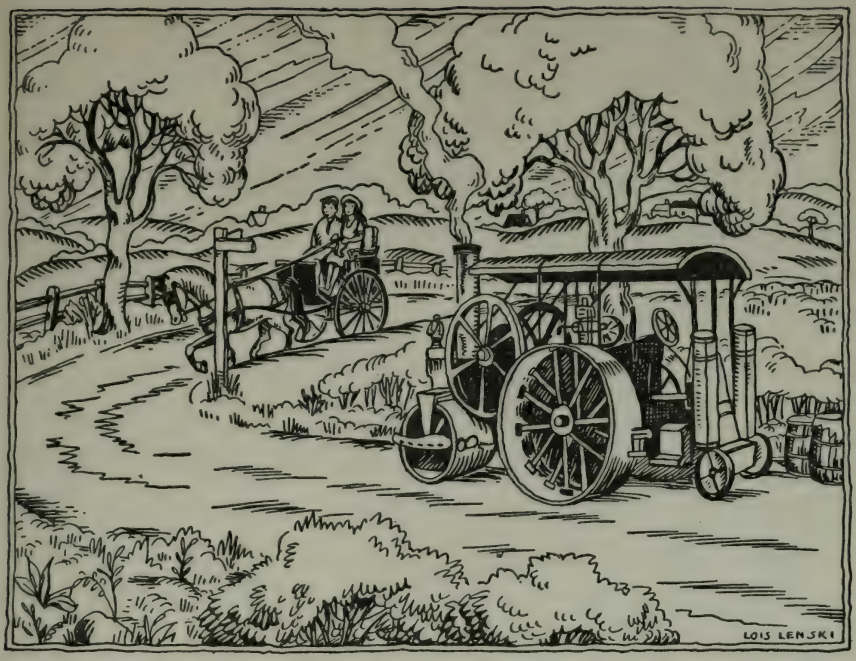
But they were all there and several more. The puppy was frisking up and down the platform and chewing mail bags. Why couldn't puppies stay at home! They didn't have self-control enough to be allowed to travel!

Onto the train swarmed the people and into the baggage car went the puppy. He didn't like it and he howled all day.

"And now," said the engineer firmly, "we are two hours late and we've got to make up time."

So all day long the train had to run faster than ever making up lost time!

THE SYMPATHETIC STEAM ROLLER



THE SYMPATHETIC STEAM-ROLLER

ALL day long the big steam-roller lumbered back and forth smoothing out the world. He packed down broken stones and gravel and tar and sand fitting them together to make a smooth road. Some would have found his life hard, but he never complained. He was ready for any work and he went and came as fast as could possibly be expected of any one of his size.

Despite the rough life he led the steam roller was kind and tender-hearted. It grieved him sorely that horses should shy and make such a to-do about passing him. Automobiles were more sensible although he had often heard the people in them complain because the road was torn up. Why couldn't they understand that he was working to make things better for them and that roads couldn't be made by magic over night! The steam-roller sighed at the lack of understanding in the world but he only worked the harder. Automobilists might complain and horses might dance about, but he did his best anyway!

One evening the men had left the steam-roller for the night and he was just settling for rest when pit-a-pat came the sound of small hoofs. He looked down the road and saw a pony cart with a boy and a girl in it swing round the corner. As the pony caught sight of the steam-roller he came to a sudden stop.

"It's all right, Robin," soothed the boy. "Get up!"

But the pony dug his hoofs into the road and looked about him with terror.

"Oh dear!" sighed the steam-roller. "Is that pony

going to be afraid of me—I never hurt anyone in all my life!"

The pony appeared to be dancing on his hind legs and trying to get into the cart where he had no business to be.

"Whoa, there," shouted the boy, as he jumped to the pony's head.

"It's that horrible steam-roller." said the girl. "No wonder he's afraid."

The steam-roller was hurt. As if it was his fault that that silly pony should act so! He did wonder where the expression "horse sense" came from. He'd never seen a horse with any. Automobiles went past him without a quiver. He would look the other way and ignore that silly animal.

But he could not help hearing what the boy and girl were saying.

"He plunges about so that I can't blindfold him," called the boy.

"He is trembling all over, poor darling," said the girl.

"There, there—Bob——" coaxed the boy. "You'll be all right. That isn't a big black monster, it's only an old steam-roller that won't hurt you."

"Black monster, indeed, and hurting anybody."

said the steam-roller. "I never hurt anybody in all my life!" But the pony only dug two determined little hoofs into the road and refused to move one inch.

It was growing dark and the children became more and more anxious.

"I don't see what we are going to do!" said the boy. "We are rather up against it."

"I could walk home," answered the girl, "and get help."

"It's three miles," said the boy, "and there may not be anyone there to come out to us."

They fell silent for a moment.

The steam-roller was sorry, oh so sorry; but why couldn't that ridiculous pony act sensibly and go past? There was plenty of room. Then he looked at the pony. It was a very small pony, an unusually small pony, and his entire body seemed to be shaking with terror. Something happened down inside the steam-roller.

"He thinks that I'm a great black monster!" He muttered to himself. "I suppose I do look dreadful to a little fellow like that. I'm so used to being the biggest thing around, I don't think of how I look to other people. Poor little chap, why he's just a toy!"

There was one thing that the steam-roller might be able to do. He felt of his boiler. There was a little fire still burning, a little steam still left. He might be able to move a few feet to the side of the road. The ditch was full of soft mud. There was no telling how deep he would sink, or how they would ever get him out in the morning. Still it was worth a try.

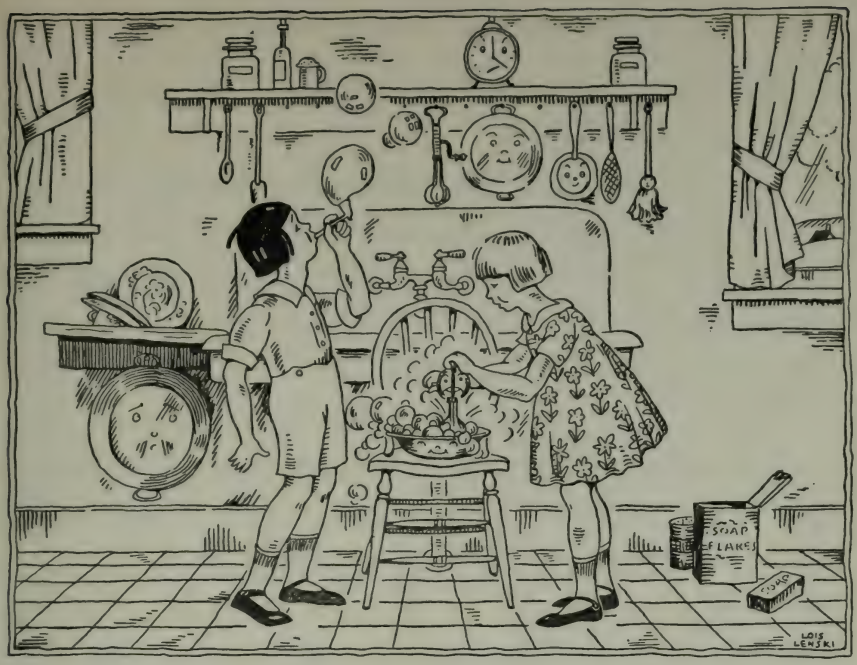
"Great black monster," he laughed to himself, "Well, here goes!"

Foot by foot he backed—off the road into the mud. He could feel the water oozing up around him. He splashed down into the ditch and the bushes closed around him. But the road was clear at last. He heard the boy give a shout. He heard the clatter of tiny hoofs on the hard road. At first they were hesitating and then very, very fast—pattering down the road for home. The pony had passed him!

"It won't take him long to go three miles," thought the steam-roller. "He'll get the children home in time for supper."

And then the steam-roller laughed through all his pipes and valves. "He thought I was a monster! Fancy that!" he said as he settled down into the mud for the night.

THE GREATEST - EGG -
BEATER - OF - THEM - ALL



THE-GREATEST-EGG-BEATER-OF-THEM-ALL

THE egg-beater spun round and round in the bowl. The white of egg became stiffer and stiffer as it rose in thick fluffy whiteness.

"Oh, if I could only beat on through life like this," sighed the egg-beater. "If I could only beat and beat and beat."

"Nonsense," said the dishmop, who was a humdrum soul. "You'd wear yourself out in no time. Our days are short enough as it is."

But the egg-beater only longed the more for wider opportunities.

One day long ago as he hung by the sink and the old egg-beater still hung beside him, he had seen a white fluffy mass float across the sky outside the kitchen window.

"What is it?" he had asked.

Now the old egg-beater did not know what it was but she did not like to admit the fact so she answered, "The greatest-egg-beater-of-us-all does that. It is nothing for him to beat up the whole sky. Sometimes in winter he beats it into little pieces and drops it all over the earth. He is clever and he is powerful, the greatest-egg-beater-of-us-all. You watch and you'll see what you'll see from that window."

The young egg-beater had watched. Think of having the whole sky to beat up instead of one or two eggs, or three if there was company!

Then one rainy day came Barbara and Bob to the kitchen to blow soap bubbles. The pots and kettles sat up and took notice. This promised to be much more interesting than hanging around the kitchen all the afternoon.

"A basin and soap flakes," said Barbara.

The basin was pleased. He was evidently going to be the center of activity. The dish-pan grumbled. He was hung under the sink and couldn't see a thing.

Bob dipped in his pipe and began to blow. The bubble started. Then larger and larger it grew. The egg-beater could scarcely keep from spinning around with excitement. Then suddenly the bubble burst.

The cooking utensils looked on with satisfaction. This was almost as good as a birthday afternoon when something was going on in the kitchen every minute.

Barbara dipped her pipe and began to blow. But just as the bubble was getting bigger and bigger the clock struck four. Barbara gave a little jump and away went the bubble.

"You might have waited a minute!" said the egg-beater to the clock.

"Time waits for no man," ticked the clock in a self-righteous manner.

The children tried again and again. Then they put in more soap. The egg-beater looked enviously at the gleaming pile. It was a lovely fluffy mass.

"Let's beat it with the egg-beater," suggested Bob.

The egg-beater gave a thrill of excitement. Barbara took him down. Into the suds he went and round and round he turned as he had never turned before. He would make a cloud like the one he had seen from the window, a great glistening white cloud. He could do as well as the greatest-egg-beater-of-us-all—perhaps *he* was the greatest-egg-beater-of-us-all, who knew?

The suds rose higher and higher in the basin. They overflowed onto the chair and the children became worried. They overflowed onto the floor but still the egg-beater beat away as hard as ever. They could not stop him. They ran for help and mother came to the kitchen. Firmly she took the egg-beater out of the basin and hung him on his hook but still he spun round.

The dish-mop looked on in horror.

"He's lost control of himself," he said. "I always said that he'd wear himself out before his time!"

Mother started the mass of suds down the drain. The egg-beater gasped with sorrow. His beautiful cloud, his great gleaming mass; it was going; it was gone. The egg-beater stopped turning. There was nothing left now but a damp spot on the floor.

When they took down the egg-beater the next

day to beat up a white of egg he was quite worn out. His little handle moved round and round but nothing else turned.

THE FALSE-ALARM CLOCK

THE FALSE-ALARM CLOCK

THE alarm clock ticked upon the kitchen shelf. He wore a little round cap above his round face and that was what rang when the alarm went off—DING, DING, DING—until some one came to push the lever to stop it. It was a very loud alarm and the clock was proud of it.

The clock was worried one night when Billy came into the kitchen and pulled a chair towards

the shelf where the alarm clock lived during the day. What was he going to do? A look of annoyance passed over the clock's face as Billy reached up and took him down. The alarm clock distrusted Billy. Children are not good for machinery. They either forget to wind you up or wind you so tight that something breaks inside.

Billy climbed down from the chair and tucked the clock under his khaki blouse. The clock ticked nervously.

He heard Billy whisper to Benny, "You watch out and I'll skip upstairs with it."

Then came a dash which jarred the clock in a distressing manner. He lost two minutes on the stairs somewhere and never did know what happened to them. Upstairs at last he was taken out and put under the bed.

"This is not the proper place for me," he ticked indignantly.

The boys were whispering together but the clock had other things to think about. Mush, the puppy was sniffing around under the bed.

"What's this?" inquired Mush as he chanced upon the alarm clock.

"It's none of your affair so please go away," answered the clock as coldly as he could.

"Are you good to eat?" asked Mush. That is the first thing a puppy always thinks about, and about the only thing!

The puppy put his nose against the clock and licked his face which made the clock almost stop with terror. But just then the boys found the puppy and drove him out of the room. The clock gave a sigh of relief. His main spring began to run smoothly again and his tick came back. But it was not for long.

The boys took him out from under the bed and began to wind him up. Then they set it at *four o'clock*.

"Gracious, what an hour to wake people up!" gasped the alarm clock. "It's dark as night at four in the morning. Oh, their mother would never allow this if she knew!"

"Father said we could start as early as we could wake up," Billy was saying. "I'll just let the alarm ring a tiny bit and then cut it off."

"Won't father be surprised!" exclaimed Benny as he rolled on the bed.

"I guess he won't be the only one," snapped the alarm clock.

They put him back on the floor to spend a

draughty, uncomfortable night. The room was cold and dark. The clock ticked under the bed.

"I never spent a night like this before," he complained. "It's freezing here. I should not wonder if I caught a cold in my wheels."

Then suddenly in the darkness the clock saw the door pushed open. The boys had not latched it. Wider and wider grew the crack and then Mush squeezed into the room. He knew that he should have been in the cellar so he was careful to wake no one. With terror the clock watched him crawl across the floor. The puppy could hear the clock ticking in the darkness and he made straight for him. His damp nose pressed against the clock. He sniffed at it. Then he took it between his teeth. The clock could endure it no longer. He put his hands before his face and started ringing his alarm for help. *Ding*, *Ding*, *Ding!* it sounded through the quiet night. There came sounds of hurrying feet and the puppy vanished. If there were going to be complications he did not wish to be discovered in the neighborhood.

Ding, *Ding*, *Ding* rang the alarm clock.

Father snapped on the light and Billy and Benny sat up in bed. Then they dived under the bed and

some one pressed the lever to stop the noise. Out came the clock. Everyone looked to see what time it was. *Just midnight!*

Billy explained, "I didn't mean it to go off till four. You said we could go fishing if we could wake up, you see."

"But, boys," said Mother, "that's Mary's alarm clock. She's been hunting the house over for it."

The clock was glad to hear that.

"Somebody appreciates me," he thought.

"We were going to put it back when we went out and we weren't going to wake up anybody," said Benny, "and we never knew it would go off by itself."

"Indeed," sniffed the alarm clock. "Go off by myself! If they only knew what I've been through."

"Well," said Father, "if you want to go fishing as badly as all that, I'll set the alarm for six and take you myself. Get to sleep before I count ten or you can't go."

Under the covers went the boys and off went the light. Father carried the alarm clock back to his room and put it on the table. It was safe from the puppy and the table was a less draughty place than the floor.

"What ever do you suppose made that clock go off at this time of night?" asked father.

"I can't possibly imagine," said mother.

"Hum——" thought the alarm clock, "there are plenty of things in this world that people can't imagine, for all they think they're so clever!" and he settled down for a little much-needed rest.

THE OLD TROLLEY CAR

THE OLD TROLLEY CAR

WHEN the old trolley car was young there were no automobiles. People had considered the old trolley car very convenient and comfortable.

"It stops wherever you want it to," they said. "It is so much more convenient than going to the station and waiting for a train."

The trolley car was very proud of this. "I serve everyone alike," he would say. "I stop when they

wish. I start when they wish. Each person pays his five cents and I serve all equally well."

When the trolley car was young people would often go out of a summer evening just for a ride, to cool off and enjoy the country, but that was before the days of automobiles.

It was different now. The old trolley car bumped along the track. He had one flat wheel but no one troubled to mend it. The plush from his seats was worn off and his springs were weak. But back and forth he bumped every hour of the day and far into the night. There were not many people riding now on pleasant days and the automobiles whizzed past every minute or two. But there were more people waiting for the trolley car on stormy days; and in winter, on the morning after a blizzard when the little snow-plough had worked manfully all night long keeping the track open, *then* not an automobile dared show its radiator outside of the garage. The old trolley car was crowded to the door as he carried all the world down town to business.

As the automobiles passed him, spinning down the road like great birds, they would forget about those winter mornings. They were polite to the old trolley car but patronizing.

"I should think that you would get very tired stopping and starting so often," sympathized a great gray touring car. "I came two hundred miles this morning without shifting gears once."

"Well," said the trolley car, "I like to accommodate people. I don't mind stopping. It's always interesting to see who's waiting at the next white post. I get to know people in a way that you never can, dashing around the way you do. I like it."

"Glad you're contented," honked the gray car and the next minute he disappeared round the curve in the road.

The trolley passed him later in the day jacked up while they changed his tire, but the trolley only whistled, "Best wishes for a rapid recovery," as he went bumping by. He had been off the track at a switch himself and his electric power gave out sometimes. He knew how it felt to have people pass you on the road.

But the picnic parties—those were what the trolley regretted most! The crowds of girls all in white and the boys with flags and whistles, how they used to swarm over him! He had been marked "SPECIAL" in those days and he would carry the picnic party way out into the country and wait until

evening for them. His conductor and motorman had groaned when they heard that there was going to be a picnic, and picnics *were* tiring. The trolley car's sides had ached as he ran back to the car barn after one was safely over. But they had been glorious affairs. The laughing, the jokes, the mischief and the cheering that had gone on! The trolley car would clang his bell and run past the people at the white posts, for there was no more room on board this trip.

Now the picnic parties no longer used the trolley cars. They were all loaded into big motor buses. The buses could go way up to the top of the hill or down to the shore of the lake or wherever the picnic was to be and there was no walking.

"Oh dear!" sighed the old trolley, "I could take them myself if I only didn't have to stay on my track."

The long years went on until the trolley car was so old that he was no longer run as a regular but kept in the car barn as an extra. He did not mind it. He liked the dim coolness of the barn and the other cars brought him the news of the world. He often asked them about children and picnics but they only reported small family affairs, no more big school or church ones—*they* all hired buses. The old trolley

sighed. He would love to carry just one more big boisterous, real picnic before he fell to pieces.

And one night—it had been a hot sultry day and big thunder clouds were rumbling in the distance. Above their noise the old trolley car heard the telephone in the office ring. He listened while a man answered.

"A break down," he heard the man say.

"Gracious, what a night for that with the storm coming on," thought the old trolley car. He wondered which one of the regular cars it was. He listened for more.

"Oh, not a trolley; it's a bus, is it?" said the man. "And you've got a crowd of children on board —a picnic. Where are you? About six miles out on the Portland road?"

"Fancy breaking down, six miles from town with a storm coming on!" thought the trolley car. "And a picnic party!" He was very much excited.

"I'll get a trolley out as fast as I can," said the man and hung up the receiver.

What car would they take? The old trolley waited tense and alive in the darkness.

"The ten-fifteen will be along in a few minutes," said another man.

"Oh, a lot of kiddies held up out there with a storm coming up; we'd better not keep them waiting any longer than necessary. I guess this old car will hold together for one last run," said the first man.

"Hold together?" Indeed he would, if they would just give him a chance!

The men came out into the car barn. They boarded the old car. And once again he felt the electric current race through him. His joints squeaked as they started out of the barn and jounced across onto the main track. The motorman snapped on the headlight, and it tunnelled like a great eye through the darkness ahead. The rain began to fall in earnest. It was a bad night.

"Imagine breaking down with a picnic party on a night like this!" thought the trolley.

On and on they ran, the rain beating against the windows, the lightning flashing above. The trolley hurried down the track as fast as his flat wheel could bump. It was nice to be out on the track once more. At last they saw ahead a big black bulk in the road. The trolley slowed up.

"Ship-a-hoy," whistled the trolley. "Is there trouble in these parts?"

"Yes," moaned the bus, "my differential's gone.

I knew it needed oiling but my-gears-and-grease-cups! They are careless in garages these days!"

"Sorry!" said the old trolley car but he had no more chance to show his sympathy, for out of the bus thronged the children. They dashed across to the sheltering safety of the old trolley. The windows down and the lights on, the trolley was a haven of refuge after the dark dampness of the broken-down bus. Spirits revived. First the children all cheered for the trolley. Then they cheered for the motorman and the conductor. The motorman jangled his bell and down the track they started for home.

"Ding, DING, DING!" went the astonished old register. The trolley knew what had happened. One of the boys had discovered how to ring up fares. That always happened on picnics. The register blinked numbers so fast that it could scarcely keep going. "256, 257, 258," went the register—suddenly they were all left in complete darkness. The trolley came slowly to a stop. The rain beat on the windows. The trolley laughed to himself.

"Some one has pulled the trolley off the wire," he thought. That was the way of picnic parties.

Grumbling, the conductor climbed out into the wet night. There were several flashes of electricity.

Then as if by magic the lights came on. The trolley was back on the wire. The old car started. A cheer of encouragement came from the children.

A motor passed them but the children had had enough of motors and their ways for one night.

"Three cheers for the trolley! Down with automobiles!" They shouted and hissed the surprised motor as loud as they could.

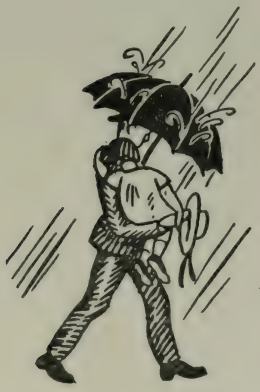
Then the lights of the town appeared and the trolley ran more slowly. He stopped every few minutes to let off some child in front of his home. The old trolley hated to have the trip end. He could see the doors of the house open with fathers and mothers looking out anxiously. Out tumbled the children, tired, excited but happy. The trolley car could hear shrill voices saying: "It broke down, Mother, and we waited and waited——"

But one little girl was so sleepy that she would not wake up when they came to her house. The other children called and poked but it was no use. Out came Father and picked up his small daughter in his arms. As they stepped off the trolley car she nearly woke and the old car heard her murmur sleepily, "It broke down, Daddy, and we waited—and—waited, and then this—dear—old—trolley car—came—and

——." Her head tumbled down on her father's shoulder and she was sound asleep again.

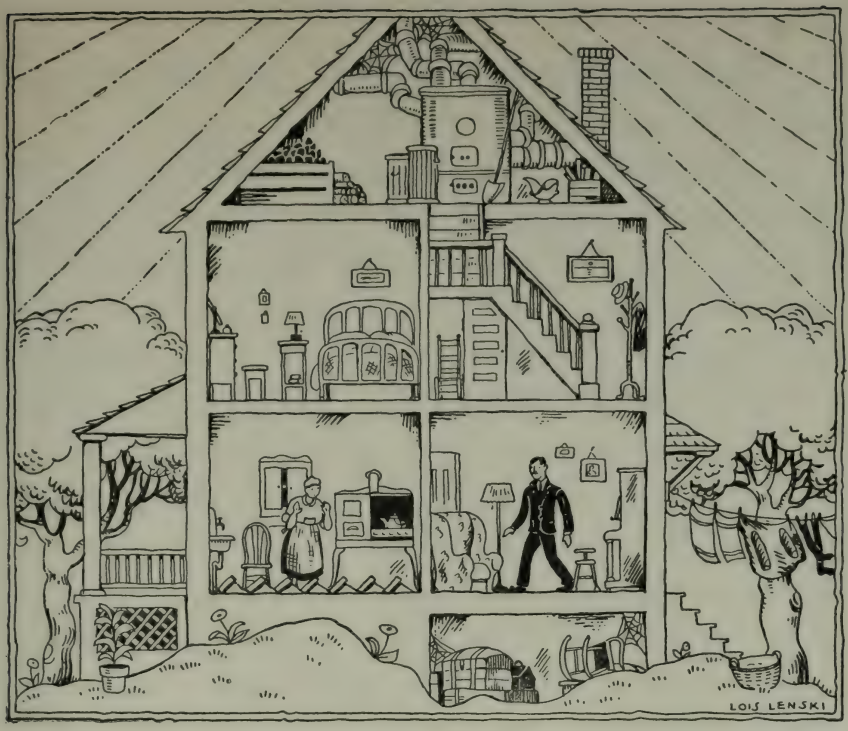
The old trolley ran quietly on muffling his flat wheel as best he could. He would not wake her up for anything.

Empty at last and back in the car barn, the old car gave a great sigh of contentment. It had been a perfect picnic in every way. He could settle back now with satisfaction into a life of retirement.



FABLES OF TO-DAY

THE HOUSE THAT WOULD NOT STAY STILL



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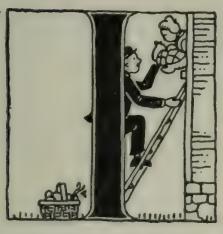


"I AM at the top of the house, right under the sun," said the attic. "It is very hot up here and I don't like it!"

"I am at the bottom of the house," replied the cellar, "it may be hot where you are, but it's cold and damp down here."

"The wind blows around me and the rain and snow fall on me," grumbled the attic.

"Well, perhaps that is so, but I can't see a thing down here," said the cellar; "you must be able to look out over all the world. My windows are so dark and small that I can see nothing."

"Why don't we change places?" asked the attic.

"I'm quite ready and eager," answered the cellar.

So the next time that the family were all out, the cellar climbed up into the attic and the attic climbed down into the cellar.

When Father came home that night, he went down into the cellar to get wood; but all he could find were old chairs and tables and trunks and things like that.

"Come quickly," he called to Mother, "Something has happened to the cellar."

Mother ran down the stairs.

"This isn't the cellar,' she said. "This is the attic."

"Nonsense," said Father. "One doesn't go down into the attic. What I want to know is, *where is the cellar?*"

They looked and they hunted; but nowhere could they find it.

The next day the kitchen began to grumble.

"I don't see why I have to stay here. The attic and the cellar have changed. I never have a chance to look out onto the street. I'd like to see the people and the cars go by. I don't care about staying back here all the while."

"I'll change with you," said the parlor. "The cars make so much noise that I'm tired of them. I'd like a little quiet."

So the kitchen and the parlor changed places.

When Mother came home she went to the kitchen to see about dinner. But where was the kitchen? There were pictures on the wall and rugs on the floor and the piano stood where the stove should have been, and what good was a piano for cooking a dinner?

"Oh dear!" cried Mother, "what has happened?"

The next day the bathroom tried to change with the closet under the stairs; but there was not nearly room enough for him and he went back upstairs grumbling in his pipes all the way. The bedrooms changed about as they wished. No one knew where to find anything.

The front steps came into the house to get out of the rain. When Father came home he had to get

a ladder and climb into one of the windows. Mother leaned way out to help him up but he kept dropping the groceries and having to go back and start over again.

Then one day the stairs lay down.

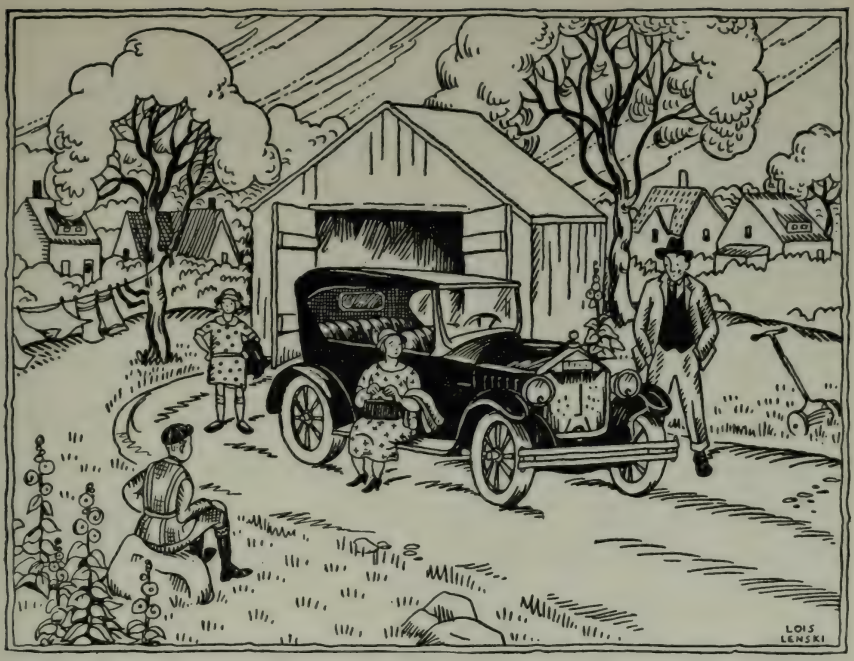
"We have let people walk over us long enough," they complained. "We're tired. We need a rest."

It was too much. Father and Mother could not get upstairs to bed so they sat up all night talking matters over. There has to come an end to all things.

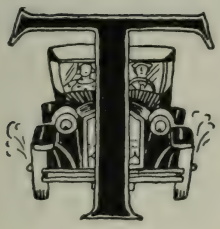
The next day there was a sign on the house and the sign said——

THIS HOUSE FOR SALE

THE NEW AUTOMOBILE



THE NEW AUTOMOBILE



THE new automobile would not start. Everyone was ready for a ride, but the car would not go. Father tried to start it. Mother tried to start it. Brother tried to start it—but the car would not go.

"Perhaps the engine is cold," said Mother. "I have heard people say that it is hard to start a car when the engine is cold."

"Perhaps it is," said Father. "I'll get a blanket."

So Father wrapped a warm blanket all around the engine and Brother tied his muffler around the headlights.

Then they all got into the car, but the engine would not start!

"We might push it to a hill," suggested Father. "Some people say it is easier to start on a hill."

So they all got out and pushed the car to the nearest hill. Everyone pushed except Sister who stayed in the car to blow the horn in case they met another car. When they came to the hill they all got in except Brother who was to give the final push. Father and Mother were very hot and tired by this time and they were glad of a chance to sit down even if the car were standing still. They began to talk about the good old days when everybody drove buggies.

Then Brother gave the final push. Away went the car with Brother running behind trying to catch up. Sister blew the horn and Mother cheered all the way to the bottom of the hill. Then the car began to go slower and slower until it finally stopped. *The engine had not started.* The car would go no further.

Father was losing his patience.

"I will telephone to the man who sold me this car," he said. "He can have his car back. I don't want it."

Soon the man who had sold them the car arrived.

"This car will not start," said Father very politely.

"Yes," said Mother. "There's something the matter. The car won't start."

"Yes," said Brother and Sister together. "It won't go!"

"Well," said the man, "I'll have a look at it."

He looked at the engine very carefully. He looked at the starter very carefully. He looked at the carburetor, and the generator, and the percolator, and the complicator but nowhere could he find the trouble. Then he walked around to the back of the car.

"You forgot to fill the tank," he said. "There isn't any gas."

"Oh," said Father, "*I never thought of that.*"

THE STORE THAT GAVE THINGS AWAY

THE STORE THAT GAVE THINGS AWAY

THE store was tired of having people come and look at things and then go away without buying.

"You take my time and your own time and waste both. Why don't you buy something?" he asked.

"The things cost too much," said the people, "we can't afford them. We haven't enough money."

So the people kept right on coming into the store

and looking and looking and not buying anything. At last the store lost his patience.

"This has got to stop," he said. "Tomorrow I am going to *give things away!*"

The next morning he put out a great sign:

THIS DAY WE WILL GIVE YOU
ANYTHING THAT YOU WILL TAKE

The people came early, a great crowd of them. The boys reached the store first and stood in a row reading the sign. As soon as the doors were open they dashed for the Sporting Goods Department. Baseball bats and air-guns went first. You could hear popping on all sides. There was a long line of boys, each carrying all he could manage.

"This is something like," sighed the store with satisfaction. "I have done more business in ten minutes this morning than I have done in as many months."

He was all out of base-balls, air guns, marbles, tool chests, tops, sleds, bicycles and automobile horns.

"Couldn't you carry a few croquet sets?" he

asked the boys anxiously. "I have some beauties that no one has touched for months."

But the boys shook their heads sadly. They had all that they could carry.

The girls arrived next. They made for the doll department. Each girl picked out the doll she liked the best and then chose dresses and shoes and hats for it. Then each chose a doll carriage. There was a steady line of little girls each wheeling a doll carriage going steadily out of the front door.

Then came the fathers and mothers but——

Just as they reached the door the owner came rushing down the street.

"What's this?" shouted the owner of the store. "My store giving things away? I'm a ruined man!!"

He slammed the doors of the store and locked them tight. Not another person did he let in all day long.

"Now what is the matter with him?" asked the store. "I have done more business in one morning than he has done in months. He's not going to be ungrateful, is he?"

But that was just the kind of a man that he was —he was thoroughly ungrateful. He put up a great sign on the store the next day and it said:

OWING TO A GREAT CALAMITY THAT OCCURRED IN THIS STORE YESTERDAY EVERYTHING WILL COST TWICE AS MUCH AS USUAL FROM NOW ON

And again all the people started visiting the store and buying nothing.

"I did my best to help once," sighed the store, "and I'm just going to let things go along as they will after this." Which is about all that most of us can do.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND THE CANDLE

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND THE CANDLE

THE electric light glowed on the wall and the candle flickered on the table. The electric light was very superior to the candle.

"I give a much better light than you," he said, "I can scarcely see by you."

The candle was a modest soul. "That is quite true," she sighed.

The electric light went on telling his advantages.

"I turn on by pressing a button and they have to hunt up a match to light you," he said.

The candle agreed. "You must be much more convenient than I," she said.

Just then a breeze blew in the window and made the flame of the candle flicker this way and that. The electric light found it quite amusing.

"Oh dear," gasped the candle. "Why doesn't someone close that window? I shall be blown out."

The electric light only laughed. "Why do you dance about? A little wind doesn't trouble me," he said.

Another stronger gust, and out went the candle.

"Well," said the electric light, "it's lucky I'm here. The children may think it's fun to have a candle, but for real service there is no one like me."

In came the children to supper, Jack with his puppy and Jane with her cat.

"Oh dear," said Jane. "The candle has blown out."

"It is all right. I am here," said the electric light.

But the wind blew harder and harder. The children shut the window. There was rain and lightning and thunder. Suddenly the electric light felt strange and weak.

"What is happening to me?" he gasped.

His light grew dimmer and dimmer. The room

grew darker and darker. The puppy began to cry, but the cat felt quite at home for she could see in the dark.

The electric light flickered but he was scarcely more than a gleaming wire by now. It was a dreadful feeling. Then he went out completely but no one had a word of sympathy for him.

Jack was comforting the puppy who howled dismally. The cat was prowling over the table taking advantage of the gloom to taste the supper dishes. By mistake she stuck her nose into the candle which was still hot. She gave a yowl and, in alarm, jumped hurriedly from the table. She was just in time for Jane had found the matches and had struck one.

In a minute the candle was lighted. The shadows danced on the wall and a circle of light fell on the table. The puppy stopped his wails and the children sat down at last to eat their supper.

"It's lucky we had the candle," said Jack.

"I like candles better than the electric light, anyway," said Jane, "they're more fun."

"Oh no," said the candle modestly. "The electric light is much brighter and far more convenient than I. He has often told me so!"

THE TRAIN THAT WOULD NOT STAY ON THE TRACK

THE TRAIN THAT WOULD NOT STAY ON THE TRACK

ONCE upon a time there was a train who was tired of staying on the track.

"Why must I run on a track all the days of my life?" asked the train.

"You had much better stay where you are," said the track. "I was laid for you to run on and you were made to run on me. Everything is better off in this world if it stays where it belongs."

But the train would not listen.

"I'm not going to stay here," he said and he jumped off the track and began to run along the road.

"Keep off!" cried the automobiles. "This road was made for us. Keep off! Keep off!"

"No such thing!" said the train, "there's plenty of room on the road for me."

He ran on down the road. He stopped at the houses for people and trunks and he stopped at the post office for the mail bags. He ran out to the barns for the milk. Everyone was delighted. It was much easier than to carry everything down to the station. But the train took so long that he never got to the end of his trip!

People waited for their trunks and they never came. The letters in the mail bags were so old that no one troubled to read them. The milk was sour and was no good to any one. People stopped putting their things on to the train and began to send them by automobile instead.

"There now," said the automobiles, "no one is using you any more. You should have stayed on your track as we told you to. The road is no place for you."

But the train refused to go back to his track One day he saw a horse running across the fields.

"Why should I stay on a road?" asked the train. "That looks like fun."

He left the road and started off across the fields.

"You mustn't come here!" cried the horse, "this is my field. Keep off! Keep off!"

"No such thing," answered the train, "there's plenty of room in this field for me."

Bump, bump, bump went the train across the field until he came to a brook.

"How do I get over this?" asked the train.

"Jump," said the horse.

"I never jumped in my life," said the train, "I always have bridges laid down for me."

"Bridges?" laughed the horse. "You'd better go back where you belong. The track is the place for you."

But the train paid no attention to him for just then he heard an aeroplane up in the air.

"That looks like fun," said the train. "*Why* should I stay on the ground? I'm going to fly."

"Silly," said the horse, "you, who can't even jump a brook!"

The train tried to fly. He tried with his front

wheels. He tried with his back wheels. He tried with all four wheels. He tried until he was tired.

"Well," said the train, "there appears to be something wrong. I can't fly. People won't ride on me when I bump across the fields and they won't send trunks and mail by me when I run on the road. They say I'm too slow. I don't seem to be good for anything! I might as well stay right here and let my fires go out. No one would miss me!"

The train felt lonely and discouraged. He felt he was no longer of any use in the world. Then an idea flashed through his steam pipes.

"I might go back to my tracks," he thought. "I wonder if they're still there?"

He crept across the field and down the road to the station. There lay the tracks right where he had left them, stretching off in both directions. They looked so safe and smooth! The train gave a great puff of happiness as he climbed back onto them.

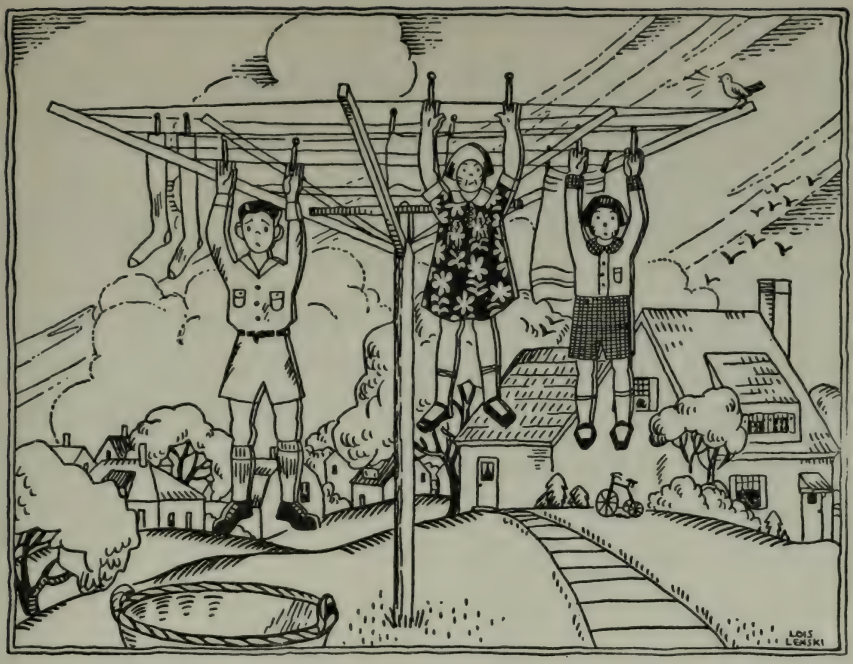
"It's been lonely without you," said the track. "I was afraid that I'd rust away with no one running over me."

At the station there were many people waiting and a pile of trunks and mail bags.

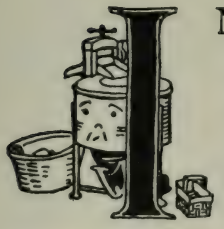
"This is just where I belong," whistled the train,

"and everything is better off in this world if he will stay where he belongs though precious few of us know it."

THE WASHING MACHINE



THE WASHING MACHINE



IN the laundry stood the washing machine. It washed all the clothes for John, Jane, and Billy. When the clothes were clean it put them through a wringer. When the wringer had done its best, Mary hung the things out to dry.

To-day the washing machine was tired. It had washed ten suits for John; ten suits for Billy; ten dresses for Jane. It had done a good day's work and it stood resting by the laundry window. From the

window it could see the road and there stood John, Jane, and Billy, and each one was just as dirty as anyone could be.

"It's lucky that I washed to-day," said the washing machine.

It could hear the children going upstairs to be cleaned. In ten minutes they were down again, John and Billy in fresh suits, Jane in a fresh dress. The washing machine was proud of them. They were so clean and fresh.

But——

John pushed Jane down into the mud.

And——

Jane threw mud at John.

Then——

They both threw mud at Billy.

The washing machine shuddered. They were as dirty as any children you ever saw.

Into the kitchen came the children.

"*Come here*," roared the washing machine from the laundry.

"Oh dear!" cried John, Jane, and Billy but into the laundry they had to go.

"*Come here!*" roared the washing machine.

"Oh dear, oh DEAR!" cried John, Jane, and Billy

but into the washing machine they had to go—John, Jane, and Billy into the water and suds.

Round and round went the machine. Round and round went the water and soap. Round and round went John, Jane, and Billy. They cried that the soap got in their eyes but the machine would not stop.

On and on they went until they were clean as any children could possibly be. You never saw such clean children as John, Jane, and Billy. Then the washing machine stopped and let them climb out.

But they were very wet so the washing machine put them through the wringer. The wringer squeezed out all the water and Mary hung them out to dry.

"Oh dear, Oh DEAR!" cried John, Jane, and Billy.

But the washing machine had no sympathy for them.

"Serves them right," growled the washing machine, for there is an end even to the patience of a machine.

THE STOVE THAT WOULD NOT STAY IN THE KITCHEN

THE STOVE THAT WOULD NOT STAY IN THE KITCHEN

ONCE upon a time there was a stove who was very tired of staying in the kitchen.

"I do all the cooking and no one ever gives me a thing!" the stove said. "Just as soon as the food is done they carry it into the other room and eat it all up. I do all the hot work and never get a taste."

One day the stove cooked a specially nice cake. It was a birthday cake for Jane. She was going to have a party.

"Now, they might ask me to the party," grumbled the stove.

The cake lay on the table. It had white frosting and pink cherries on it. Cook put on eight candles and then carried the cake into the next room.

"This is too much," said the stove, "I am going too!"

"What would you do at a party?" said the sink with a titter; but he was a dull fellow and the stove paid no attention to him.

The stove started to walk across the floor. His little legs were very short and funny. He could not walk very fast and he tipped from one side to the other. The tea kettle hung on as long as it could and then fell off with a bang. The noise brought the children to the door to see what was happening.

"Oh dear," cried the children, "look out or you'll burn us!"

"I won't burn anyone," said the stove, "but I'm tired of staying in the kitchen and I'm coming to your party!"

The stove tried to get through the door, but he was too wide. He shoved and pushed and got quite red with his efforts. He could hear the sink giggling and gurgling at him. Finally he squeezed through sideways.

"Where shall I sit?" asked the stove.

But the ice cream stood up on the table.

"Don't you let that stove come near me!" cried the ice cream. "He'll melt me in no time. I'll not stay here if he's going to."

Then the birthday cake jumped up.

"Keep away! Keep away!" cried the cake. "If that stove comes anywhere near me he'll melt my frosting."

"Well, this is a nice way to treat a person," said the stove. "I cooked that cake and now look at her. I wish I'd burnt her to a cinder!"

The stove started to sit down in a chair.

"Oh no!" cried the chair, running away. "You'll burn me. You're much too hot."

The stove stamped his little foot.

"This is a fine party," he said. "I don't think much of it!"

"Oh, Mr. Stove," begged Jane. "Won't you please go back into the kitchen? You make it so hot here that it's no fun for us. If you stay here, we'll have to have the party in the kitchen."

So the stove turned himself round and went back into the kitchen.

"I cook everything they eat and that's the way I'm treated, is it?"

"Oh well," said the sink to comfort him, "you know quite well that this is the nicest place in the house. Every family would live in the kitchen if the cook would let them."

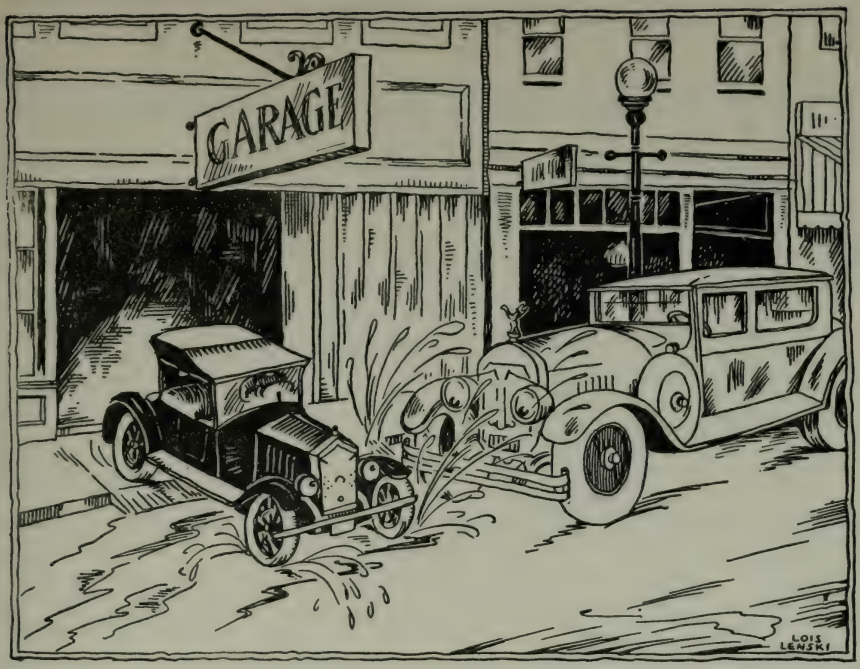
"That's true," said the stove with a sigh.

So he settled down and accepted the inevitable and that always makes one more comfortable.

THE GREAT GRAY TOURING CAR

I

THE CITY GARAGE



THE GREAT GRAY TOURING CAR

THE CITY GARAGE

THE muddy little Roadster ran carefully along the city street. He was from the country and not used to all these lights and signals. The avenue was filled with cars who seemed to know just what to do when the great giant in the middle of the street winked a red or a green eye at

them. The little Roadster stopped and started and shifted gears as quickly and as quietly as possible but he felt very strange and frightened.

Now it was night and he would have to stay in this great noisy city. Where, he wondered, did cars sleep in these parts? On all sides were high buildings. He looked in vain for a small, cozy, inviting garage like his at home. There were none to be seen. Then he swung around the corner and stopped in front of a large building. "GARAGE" flamed in an electric sign across the sidewalk.

The little Roadster's engine throbbed with joy. He wanted to plunge into the great hospitable gate; but, no, a man waved for him to get in line behind a number of other cars which were waiting at a closed door. The little car fell patiently into his place, and stood trembling, wondering what was to happen next.

The "GARAGE" sign hung upon a high building and the little Roadster looked up and up at it in amazement. Then his alarm increased. At the second floor windows, and at the third floor and fourth floors, and *as high as he could see*, stood cars looking down into the street below! How ever had they gotten there? In addition to starting and stop-

ping when a red and green light winked at you, did cars have to run *up and down stairs in this city?* The little Roadster was sure that his engine would never make it! And as for getting down, could his brakes possibly hold? It was all too dreadful.

A great Gray Touring Car was waiting in line just ahead of the Roadster and the little car finally found courage to murmur, "Dear, dear, what are we waiting for?"

The great Gray Car turned a good-natured headlight to gaze at the little Roadster, "What are we waiting for, my boy?" he asked. "Why the elevator of course. This is the garage. New to the city, eh?"

"Elevator?" gasped the little Roadster shivering under its muddy guards, "My grease-cups! I never went up in an elevator! We don't do that in the country. I have my own nice little garage."

"Oh they use elevators for automobiles in the city all the time. You won't mind it so much," encouraged the big car. "But I know how it is. I live in the country myself in the summer. Spin into your own garage and stop in perfect form just one foot from the back wall—that's the satisfactory way to end a good afternoon's run! But here in the city, it's waiting for elevators and waiting for elevators till

the water boils in your radiator. It's the overcrowded city conditions, congestion, and all that sort of thing you hear people talking about. Well," added the big car, "it's not so bad and it can't be helped."

Elevator—the word rang through the engine of the little Roadster and he shuddered way down to his differential. He had never heard of such a thing. Suddenly, to his horror, he saw the door in front of them split open. The great Gray Car gave a lunge forward and bumped up a step onto a platform. The smaller car watched wide eyed. Brr-rr went the engine of the big car and then stopped. The door slammed shut but not before the Gray Car had had time to give a reassuring wink with his tail light.

Still it was a sadly shaken little Roadster who reached the fifth floor a few minutes later. The great Gray Car was still backing around into his place.

"If it hadn't been for you, I should have died," groaned the Roadster, "having the floor rise right under you like that, the very thought of it makes my gasoline rise up and choke me! But what will it be like getting down in the morning?"

"Sh-sh——" warned the Gray Car, "Don't let the others know. Here comes the Sedan, and she's—

well, I don't like to say it—but she's rather of a snob and looks down on cars that only come in here for a night or two, transients we call them. You just lie low and play that you were born and bred in a city garage and she won't trouble you."

The great Gray Car looked pityingly at the muddy little Roadster. He felt like a big brother to him. "Why you could put the whole little fellow right into my tonneau," he said to himself.

Out of the elevator glided the Sedan. She was shiny. She was new and her engine purred like a pleased but treacherous cat. She started backing and cramping into her place avoiding with niceness the puddles of oil on the floor. The Sedan was very particular about her entrances and exits.

When the Sedan had settled herself comfortably in her place, she gazed coldly at the muddy little Roadster.

"Who's here?" inquired the Sedan.

The great Gray Car cleared his feed pipe to cover her rudeness and asked, "Had a good day?"

"Shopping," the Sedan replied airily. "And a tea. You should have seen the line of cars waiting —the very best makes!"

There was a pause for a minute. The Gray Car hated shopping and teas but he was too well bred to say so. Then the Sedan renewed her inspection of the Roadster.

"May I inquire," she purred insinuatingly, "the year of your make? It's a model I never encountered before and I am deeply interested in antiques."

She surveyed the little Roadster who had never felt so miserable in his life before. Not even the elevator was as bad as this.

"You are really quite remarkable," continued the Sedan. "I wonder that you can hold together. You really ought to be in a museum."

But the great Gray Car could endure it no longer. He burst forth with, "My gears and crank shaft! If you had as many manners as you have plate glass windows you'd be a jolly lot pleasanter person to have around this garage. Can't you leave that little fellow alone? He hasn't done you any harm!"

"Oh, beg pardon," apologized the Sedan with mock humility, "I didn't realize that he was a special friend of yours. But there is no accounting for tastes and this find of yours is really unique. Allow me to congratulate you."

The little car sobbed to himself as he leaked oil onto the floor. He wanted to go home. He longed for the country.

"Oh come," cheered the great Gray Touring Car. "You mustn't think so badly of us."

But the little car still shook convulsively.

"How about a song?" asked the big car.

Now if there was one thing that the little Roadster loved it was a song. The Gray Touring car was pleased to see the little car brighten. He threw himself into it and soon the whole garage was singing away and all hard feeling forgotten for the time being.

It was one of those long interminable chants that one may sometimes hear in a garage between the hours when the last car comes in and the first car goes out of a morning.

"Oh he shifted into second
And he shifted into low,
And then he put it in reverse
But still it wouldn't go!
So he thickened up the mixture
And he quickened up the speed,
But the vacuum feeder,
It simply would not feed.

It simply would not feed, my son,
It simply would not feed,
Screw down your grease cups
And cheerfully proceed."

By knocking of my cylinder
And the grinding of my brake,
What that feeder will not give
Why I shall have to take.
He opened up the engine hood
And what did he see there,
"The carburetor's flooded, sir,
Why don't you give it air?"

The carburetor's flooded, sir,
As flooded as can be.
Out popped a spark plug
To see what he could see.
Out popped a spark plug
And what did he see there,
"The carburetor's flooded, sir,
Why don't you give it air?"

The mechanician looked to see,
"I'll tow you in," he said.
But when he tried to tow the car
The car ran on ahead.

The car ran on ahead, my son,
The car ran on ahead.
"A little gas and oil, sir,"
Was all the lady said.

And so on and on went the song, till the windows of the garage showed light and the men came to wash the cars. The song died away as the door of the elevator swung open and the first man jumped out. The little Roadster was brought back with a jerk to the realities of the day.

The cars began to leave and the little Roadster watched nervously as one by one they disappeared into the maw of the elevator. When would his turn come? Could he endure it?

The Sedan went down casting a scornful glance behind her at the Roadster. Then they started his engine.

"Keep calm," said the great Gray Touring Car beside him. "You will be all right, son. Shut off your ignition as soon as you get in, and don't try to start up till the door is opened. I knew a car once —well there was nothing left but junk and kindlings. He went right out through the side of the

building. They didn't even trouble to pick him up but just left him for the street cleaning department. But you'll be all right if you keep cool!"

Crouching on the elevator the little Roadster shuddered until his inner tubes nearly burst. The all-gone, dropping feeling as the thing went down, it was frightful! His grease cups felt dry and blistered. Would it ever come to a stop?

Then the door opened. The little Roadster crept miserably out of the elevator. He was weak and unnerved. The Sedan was waiting by the curb. She could see the state that he was in and she curled up the ends of her bumper in scorn. Then the unexpected happened. The gutter was filled with water. The little Roadster was confused and uncertain. His wheel hit the curb. He skidded a little and in a second the damage was done. A cloud of muddy spray rose in the air and descended upon the polished surfaces of the shiny and immaculate Sedan. A honk of anger came from the outraged car. Her windows on one side were dripping. Her engine was streaked and dirty.

"Oh gracious!" gasped the Roadster. "What have I done?"

"What have you done, you old silly," snapped the Sedan. "You've done plenty and enough more, I assure you!"

It was nearly too much for the Roadster.

"Oh, I am so sorry," he pled. "I am dreadfully sorry!"

His wail was drowned by the rattle of an ice wagon which drove noisily past them and drew up at the curb just in front of the little Roadster. The driver pulled at his horses and backed his team until it almost grazed the little car. Under ordinary conditions the Roadster would have been alarmed but now he did not even notice it. He would have been only too happy to have had some big lumbering thing swallow him whole and hide his confusion. But the Sedan noticed the ice wagon. It had stopped with the sharp point of its corner but a few inches from the radiator of the little Roadster and radiators are one of the soft and tender spots of an automobile.

An evil gleam came into the headlight of the Sedan. One little push from behind, one little accidental push would run the Roadster against the sharp corner jutting out too high for the bumper to

protect. The Sedan was up hill, slightly above the Roadster. What more likely than that brakes should slip a little? The Sedan felt hers. They were not on tight. She loosened them and rolled slowly forward. She gained speed as she covered the few feet which separated her from the unsuspecting little Roadster. Thud, and her bumper shoved the smaller car. The dangerous point of the ice wagon was within an inch of his radiator. The Sedan gloated. One inch, one little inch more and all his water would run out and he would be good for three days at least in the repair shop. Radiators are fussy things to mend.

"Look out, back there!" cried the little Roadster in dismay. "The corner of that wagon is nearly sticking into my radiator. Can you back up a little?"

"No," said the Sedan coldly, "I can't and I won't. I am going to push you about six inches further and then I don't think that you will be splashing water over respectable people for a few days to come!"

But just at that moment the elevator door dropped open. There stood the great Gray Touring Car. He heard the Sedan's last word and he took in the situation at a glance. The sharp corner of the ice wagon —the little Roadster—the Sedan!

"No you don't, my lady!" murmured the great Gray Touring Car. "I'll stop that if it takes a mud guard to do it."

He darted from the elevator. He crossed the street. His driver never knew what happened. He thought that he must have stepped on the accelerator instead of the brake. But there was no mistake about what came next. There was a crumpling up of mud guards, a scream from the Sedan. She found herself pinned against the curb unable to move in any direction. The Gray Car had hit her amid-ships. She could not touch the little Roadster. He was safe.

There was much shouting of drivers and running of mechanicians. Nobody seemed to know what had happened but everybody was relieved when they pulled the two cars apart and found that no real damage was done. That is everybody was glad except the Sedan. To her, scratched paint and bent mud guards were a calamity!

"Are you really all right?" asked the Roadster anxiously of the great Gray Touring Car.

"Right as a feather, son," the big car assured him. "But the Sedan will never forgive me. I've marred her beauty."

The Sedan ran past them. Her mud guard clicked against her wheel at every turn. She did not glance at them.

"You, you were wonderful," sighed the Roadster. "I never knew there were real cars like you. I'll believe everything the advertisements say about your make from now on."

Now family pride is strong in automobiles. The "model" is important but the "make" is everything.

The great Gray Car smiled happily.

"You are right, my son," he said musingly, "You're right! There are other cars that are good. I know. There are even some that are better in some ways. But taken all in all—for real use—there's not a car on the market that equals us!"

And the little roadster believed him!

II
"PASSABLE BUT UNSAFE"

"PASSABLE BUT UNSAFE"

"WELL, now," said the garagemen, "the main road is closed." He shook his head. "You can get through if you're dead set on it. The road is passable but unsafe."

The Sedan and the great Gray Touring Car listened eagerly. Would their drivers try it or not? The great Gray Car hoped they would. He liked to scramble around in difficult places that put your

engine to the test. The Sedan felt quite differently about it. She was strictly a city car and she hated the country. She was only away from the city for a few days' visit and she longed for the visit to end.

"As long as we are here for only a few days," said the driver of the Sedan, "I think we will try it. We do want to see that view. Can you give us some idea of the road?"

The garageman considered for a moment.

Then he said, "Well, you run along this cement road for a way till you come to a detour. Then turn to the dirt road on your left. You run along that for a way till you come to a wood road. You run along that for a way till you come to a cow path. You run along that till you come to a stone wall. You run along the stone wall as far as you can go, and just before you get to the view, you have to climb a tree."

The people in the car laughed but the Sedan saw nothing funny about it. It sounded most uncomfortable to her. She wished she could break an axle or something and stay in the garage all day. But there was no hope for her. She started off grumbling. The big Gray Car led the way. His engine purred along the cement road and as he ran he sang softly to him-

self. The Sedan pretended not to hear him. She was out of sorts.

"Cobbles or macadam, dirt road or ditch,
The shock absorbers advertise it doesn't matter which.
But I've seen a detour that detoured up a tree.
The shock absorbers every one were shocked as they could be!"

The two cars turned off the cement road and onto the dirt one. The going was still good and the Gray Car went on to another verse.

"The Sedan and the Limousine they need a good dirt road,
But oh the little Country Car with any kind of load,
He'll scramble up the mountain side with vigor and with vim,
Ridge pole or cellar stairs are all the same to him!"

The Sedan snorted. The Touring Car had vulgar tastes. He was always making friends with funny muddy little cars that the Sedan would not even think of speaking to. The Gray Car swung into the chorus.

"Chug, chug, chug, my son,
And chug again when that is done.
Safety last and safety first
And gas enough to quench your thirst.
So honk, honk, honk, my son,
And three more honks when those are done!"

The song was stopped as the cars turned onto the wood road. The ruts were deep and you had to look where you were going! The cars bounced and bumped. The tall grass in the middle of the road wound itself around their axles. The Gray Car trailed a mangled bunch of daisies in his wake.

"I think that country roads are a disgrace," sputtered the Sedan. She ended with a hiccough. Her wheel had struck a stone hidden in the rut. Her engine hood jangled at the jar. Her every spring cried out in revolt.

But while the wood road had no charms for the Sedan, the Gray Car quite enjoyed it. He kept an eye out for the beauties of nature. The woods were becoming denser and the trees arched over the road. It was cool and pleasant. They startled a deer who bounded across their path.

"Whew!" whistled the Gray Car, "I wish I could go like that! Some engine!" as the little animal leapt the stone wall at the side of the road.

"Better be an aeroplane and be done with it!" replied the Sedan. All she asked was a chance to keep her four wheels on the ground and not go jumping around on a road like this!

But now they were through the woods and a

stony stretch reached in front of them with the road barely visible.

"Oh my tubes and tires!" called the Gray Car, "Look at what's ahead of you, old lady! You'll wish you were back on the avenue before you get through with this day's work!"

"I wished that before I ever began this—day's —work!" snapped the Sedan.

The Gray Car started slowly across the rocky waste. To the Sedan it looked as though he was bounding from stone to stone like a huge gray ball. Could she possibly endure it? Her engine hesitated. She nearly stalled. Then she tightened her clutch, retarded her spark and started out. She felt sick and dizzy but she would not give in—not if she broke every axle in her chassis!

"They call this the 'simple life,' " groaned the Sedan. "Well I call any one simple who would leave good city pavements for this!"

The road, if one might call it a road, rose suddenly to a steep ascent before them. It seemed to run right up into the sky. It was bumpy and stony and a ditch ran at one side. They had come to "the tree"! It was from the top of this steep rise evidently that one saw the view.

"View," sputtered the Sedan. "Who wants to see a view anyway!"

The two cars stopped for a few minutes at the bottom of the hill to let their engines cool and to pull themselves together a bit before the ascent.

"Do you think that you can make it?" asked the Gray Car.

He meant it in the kindest spirit in the world but the Sedan took it as an affront to her engine.

"Make it?" she inquired haughtily, "make it? What do you mean? Of course I can make any hill that any car can! I have remarkable power."

But way down in her generator she had a secret fear. She was heavier than an open car and every pound counted against her.

The Sedan started off ahead. She had to make the attack without much headway for the ground was too rough. Up she plunged. She shifted into second almost at the beginning of the hill. Her engine gripped the clutch and up, up she pushed. Then she slowed down, her engine throbbed dangerously. Her gear slipped quickly into low and she started again on her steady, powerful grind up the steep ascent. Her engine pounded ominously. Every screw in her body shook. She braced herself. Over a hum-

mock she bumped and had a minute's respite on an easier stretch. Then the fight began again. Round and round the engine forced the reluctant wheels. "We can't go on!" they screamed. "You've got to go on!" growled the cylinders. The water in the radiator boiled and sputtered. The engine sizzled with heat but still the car went up, up, up. The Sedan felt as if she were bursting. Would it ever come to an end? Stones got in her way. Once her wheel spun on some loose gravel and she turned faint and sick but the tires got their grip again and on she went. She could hear the Gray Car behind. The thumping of his engine sounded even above the tumult of her own. *And one thing the Sedan vowed.* She vowed it by the very spark of life in her ignition system. If she did not get up that hill, neither should the Gray Car. It was not to make an exhibit of herself that she had started off ahead. There was spite in her nature and she had been the first to try the hill because she had her plan.

The road was abominable, if you could call this devastating strip of earth a road, and the hill rose steadily. There was no let up. The Sedan felt herself giving way. A horrid thought came to her. Would her brakes hold? She pictured herself backing down,

down, down and a mass of broken glass and splinters at the bottom of the hill. Her engine faltered. The cylinders could force it on no longer. She steadied herself for the final gulp and shuddered as the engine stalled.

A shout came from behind. "If you can't keep on, get out of the middle of the road!" It came from the great Gray Car.

The Sedan might have kept on a little longer. She *might* have swerved a little to let another car pass but *she did not*. Quickly and in the *very middle of the road* she stalled. On went the emergency brake with a scream. She stood still. Someone jumped from the car and put a stone under her wheel. But the roar of the Gray Car was close upon her. Would he try to pass? There was but a narrow strip between her and the ditch. Would he stop? He could never start again on such a hill. He too would have to back to the bottom. But there was one chance in a dozen that a car could get by and the Gray Car took the chance. He had a good start and he was rather enjoying the excitement of the climb. His six powerful cylinders were still sending him up with force and vigor.

But the Sedan had not left much room. Indeed

she had left as little as she possibly could. If she had given him a foot more, even six inches more he could have made it. He swung out to the edge of the ditch to pass her. The treacherous dirt began to slip under his outside wheel. His engine fought valiantly but the car was slipping—slipping. The dirt and stones trickled down into the ditch while the wheels spun around helplessly. Then it was all over. The Gray Car started sliding and with wheels flying and dust rising he settled into the ditch. He was stuck. Even the engine had to admit the fact and it stopped with a groan.

"You *would* pass me, *would* you!" said the Sedan but she said it to herself.

Well so there they were and what was going to happen next? The Sedan stuck on the hill, the Gray Car with two wheels in the ditch, and miles from a garage.

"Do you suppose any other cars ever come along this road?" asked the Sedan, "or are we held up here till they come to dig us out as curiosities, fossils of early makes, you know?"

She lay back comfortably against the stones under her wheels. The Touring Car was not in as advantageous a position. He peered from the ditch

anxiously and looked up the road ahead. It rose in an unfriendly and discouraging way. There seemed little hope of help coming from that direction.

The men were getting rails and stones and building up the road under the Gray Car's wheels but his courage seemed to have gone. He made a few futile efforts to right himeslf but in vain. Suddenly came the chug of another car. It was coming down the hill. The Sedan honked loudly to warn it that the road was blocked. A brake squeaked and there in the road stood a small, muddy Roadster.

"My lights," exclaimed the Sedan, "where have I seen that car before!"

He was small and he was muddy but there was no mistaking him. He had lodged one night in the city garage where the Sedan and the Gray Car lived, and on that occasion the Sedan had not acted quite as she should. But the Gray Car had been glorious. The Roadster had felt a proud thrill every time he had passed a car of that make ever since.

"My but I am sorry," called the Roadster. "I'll do anything I can to help."

"You there, little one?" said the Gray Car. The very sight of the muddy little car cheered him. "Have you got a rope?"

"Chains will do it," answered the Roadster eagerly.

The men consulted together. They decided to back the Sedan down the hill. It was no pleasant news to her. She hated to back and besides she wanted to stay and see the fun.

"My engine will be full of carbon," she fussed but fussing did no good.

The men put stones behind her wheels every few feet to hold her up a bit. Her brakes grated and screamed. She bumped over the stones and ruts. Down, down, down that interminable hill she backed. Every wire was on edge. She was furious. The men left her to cool off while they went back for the Touring Car.

"At any rate I'll be here to watch him back down," thought the Sedan. "That little car will never get him up the hill. It will be a wonder if it can even get him back onto the road."

It was cold comfort but it helped her.

But up on the hill by the side of the great Gray Car things were not as she pictured. The men had propped up the wheels and jacked up the Gray Car. Chains made a strong tow rope.

"Can you pull backwards?" asked the Gray Car.

"Better than frontwards," responded the little Roadster. He was determined to do his best.

Courage returned to the great Gray Car as they filled his tank with gas from the little Roadster's tank. He started his engine.

"Anything loose inside?" inquired the Roadster anxiously.

But no, the engine responded with a steady throb. All was well.

One, two, three—the Gray Car moved a few inches forward. A tug from the determined little Roadster came at the critical moment. The chains tightened and held fast. The Roadster pulled with all his might. And then the big Gray Touring Car gained a footing; he climbed back onto the road! There was no longer need of help. The chains lay limp on the road and the little car had to chug, chug quickly out of the way to let the big car pass. Then came the last stretch of the hill and the two cars stood at the top—engines throbbing as though they would break, water boiling, but safe at the top at last!

The world spread out before them shading off to a sea of hills in the distance. Way, way down in the valley below they saw the Sedan. She looked up

and saw them, too, and she was grieved, hurt, surprised that they should have gone on without her. It was stuffy and hot in the valley. Flies crawled over her. Two deer came out and sniffed at her. She did hate the country. Why did people make such a fuss about it? No shop windows to look at, or anything!

But up on the hill top the great Gray Car and the little Roadster stood side by side. The little Roadster was panting for breath, but he was happier than he had ever been in his life. He had helped the great Gray Car.

The big car smiled down upon him gratefully.

"You're not so big," he commented, "but, my son, you certainly have an engine that is an engine when it comes to pulling! I never should have thought you could have gotten me up out of that ditch but—well, I take my radiator cap off to you every time!"